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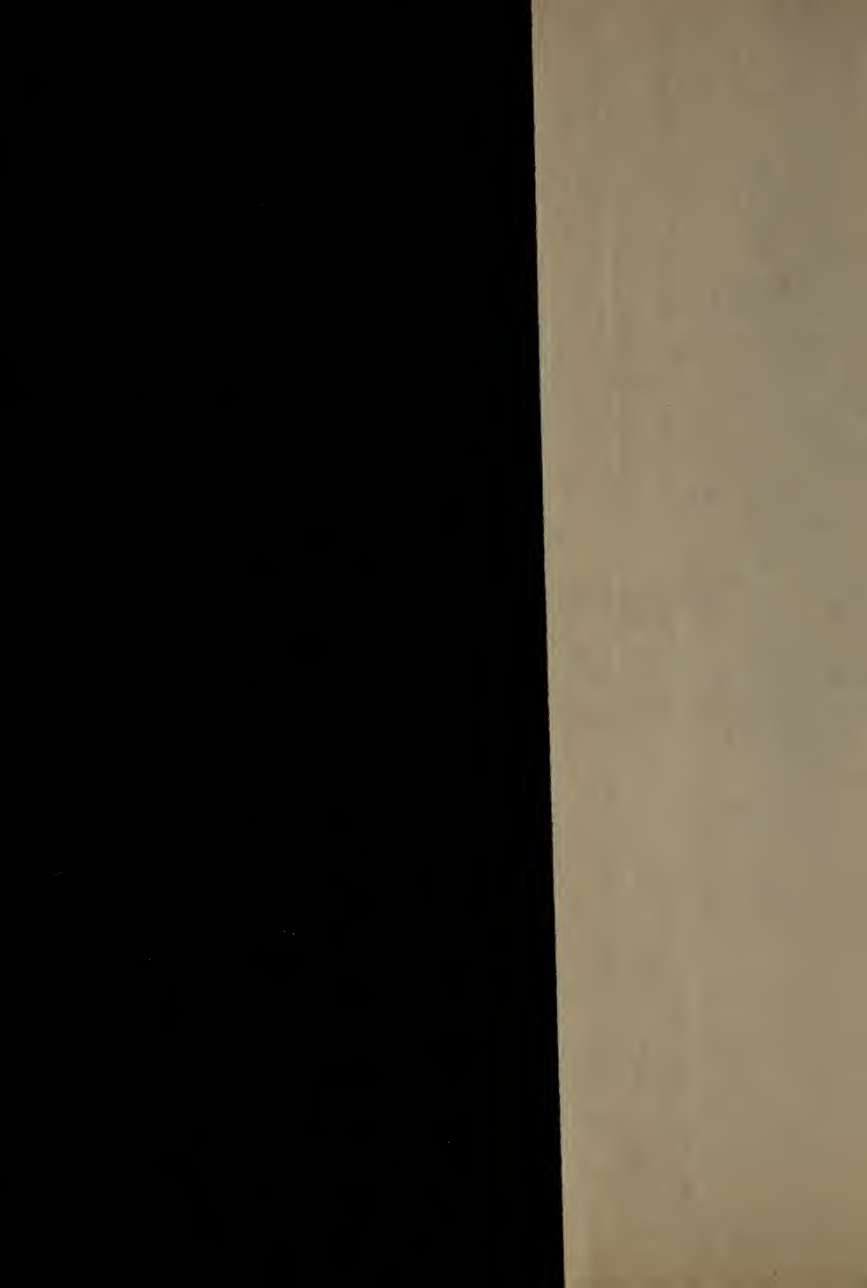
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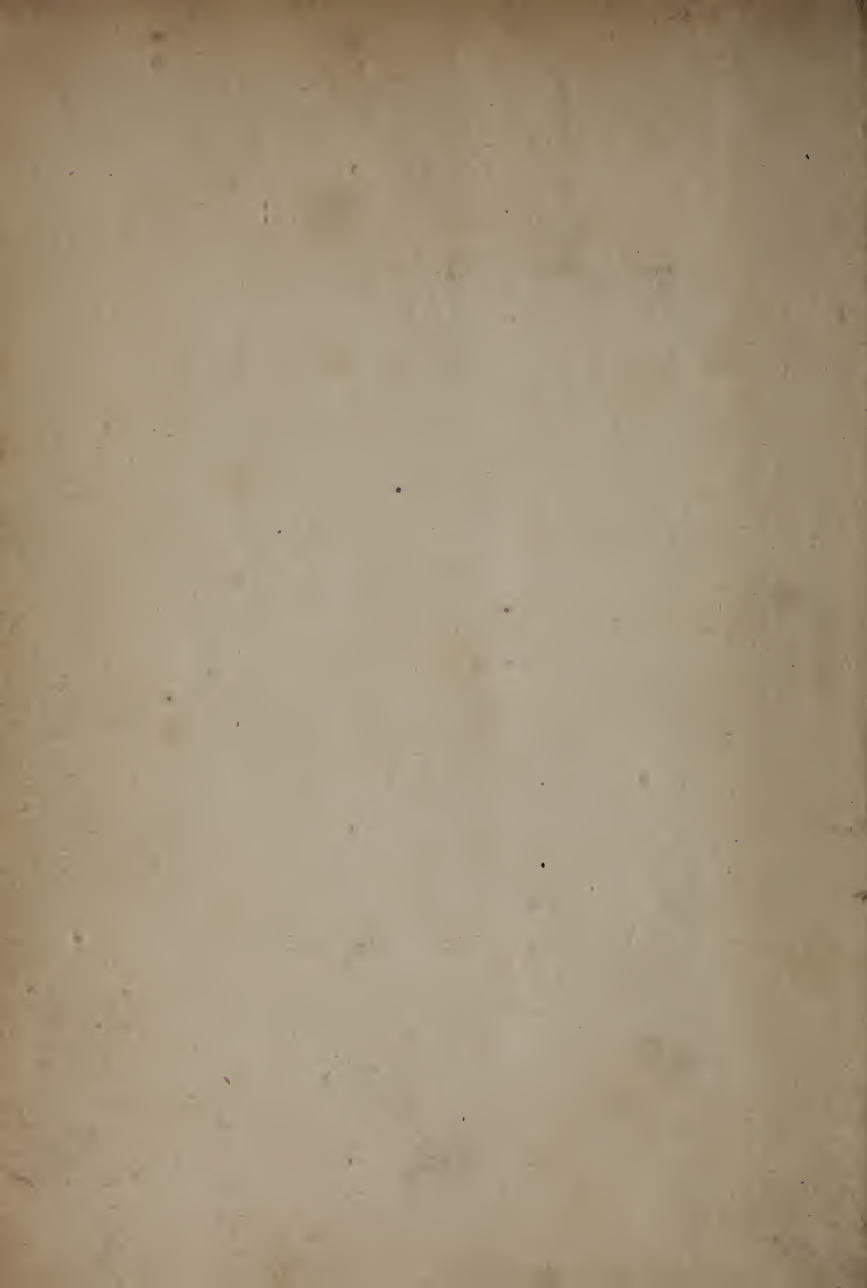
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THE HUMOROUS COURTIER 1640









THE  
HYMOROUS  
COURTIER.  
A  
COMEDY,

As it hath been presented with good applause  
at the private house in *Drury-Lane*.

---

Written by JAMES SHIRLEY Gent.

---



LONDON.

Printed by T.C. for William Cooke, and are to be  
sold by James Becket, in the Inner  
Temple. 1640.

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149.699.  
May. 1873





A Catalogue of such things as hath  
beene published by *James Sherley*  
Gent.

**T** Raytor.

Witty Faire one.

Bird in a Cage.

Changes, or Love in a Maze.

Gratefull Servant.

Wedding.

Hide Parke.

- Young Admirall.

Lady of Pleasure.

- Gamster.

- Example.

- Dukes Mistresse.

- Ball.

- Chabot Admirall of France.

Royall Master.

Schoole of Complements.

Contention for Honour and Riches.

Triumph of peace, a Masque.

- Maides Revenge.

- Humorous Courtier.





The Actors names.

**C**Omachio, an old Lord, Vnckle to  
Depazzi.

Orseollo an humorous Lord.

Volterre }  
Contarini } 2 young Lords.

Depazzi, a young foolish lord

Giotto, a cunning Court favourite.

The Dutchesse.

Laura, a young gentlewoman  
great in favour.

Carintha, wife to Contarini.

Dandalo, servant to Contarini.

Crispino, servant to Depazzi.

Sancho servant to Orseollo.

Officer.

Servants.

Attendants.

THE



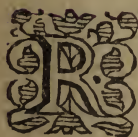
THE  
HYMOROUS  
COURTIER.

---

*Actus Primi. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Volterre, Orsello.*

*Volterre.*



Remember where you are,

*Ors.* That ever man  
Should be so dull of soule to love a woman.

*Vol.* What in the name of fury hath made you  
An enemy to that sexe, upon what Lady

False beyond *Cressida*, didst thou loose thy patience?

Finde it againe for shame, thou wert not borne

A woman hater.

*Ors.* No, I thanke heaven  
My mothers dead, and all my sisters, I  
Had a contention in my nature, when  
They were alive, but tye of blood prevail'd  
Against my disposition, I confesse  
I never wish'd them dead.

*Vol.* How hadst thou beene  
Alive, but for thy mother?

*Ors.* Thats one reason  
Should make our love the lesse to e'm, they doe  
But bring's acquainted with the world, which at  
Our birth we are afraid of, and grow old

B

But

But to repēt we are not embrois still,  
Or things lost in conception.

*Vol.* We may  
As well condemne our fathers, and declaime  
'Gainst them for our begetting, come *Orsello*,  
Desist to be a Satire, I hope you woud not  
The Dutchesse should heare this; collect your selfe  
You are ith presence, put on a smooth face  
And speake Court language, let me counsell you  
To softnesse; what a Courtier and so rugged?  
Princes they say have many cares, and tis  
not lesse then treason, in a womans court  
To be so violent against e'm, these  
Hangings may eveldrop us.

*Ors.* Let em, let em,  
May be 'twould move the Dutchesse to exempt me:  
From my attendance; and she knew my minde.  
She would allow me a writ of ease, least I  
Infect her Court with railing gainst her sexe:  
I'de rather heare a mandrake, then let in  
The noise of women; heaven that I might never  
Converse with any.

*Vol.* Thou wilt never marry.

*Ors.* Marry? Ile first engender with a Viper,  
Were there but one woman alive, and but  
By knowing her, no hope to stocke the world  
Agen, Ide geld my selfe.

*Vol.* Pitty thou shouldst  
Marry, to get a sonne that should be like thee;  
Take heed least women for this birternesse  
Make thee not first an Eunuch, but we ha lost  
Our first discourse, thy passion like a storme  
Hath quite transported us, from the Duke *Foscari*,  
That hath now left us, let's  
A cold sute with the Dutchesse.

*Ors.* If I stay  
I shall talke treason, a cold sute? for ever  
Ice dwell within their marrowes can affect em,



*The Humorous Courtier.*

He was too worthy on her.

*Vol.* He deserved,

I know not what to thinke ont, tis the third  
Prince, that our duties have commended,  
In hope to be made happy with her issue :  
Nay, nay, have truce a little with thy spleenē,  
And lets talke wisely, we shall be observed;  
I wonder.

*Ors.* So doe I.

*Vol.* At what ?

*Ors.* At nothing,

At a woman, how tis possible a man  
Should court and love em so, but now I thinkē ont.  
I doe not wonder.

*Vol.* How is this ?

*Ors.* They are

All *Circes*, and do steale away our soules ;  
They juggle us into shapes and puppets lovers.

*Vol.* They ha not juggled you me thinkes.

*Enter Contarini.*

Signiour *Contarini*.

*Con.* *Volterre* and *Orsello*, morrow to ye,  
You heare the newes,  
*Foscari* is departed.

*Vol.* In a mist, is he not ? here's but we thrē,  
The Dutchesse is a strange woman.

*Or.* *Contarini* hast any other faith,  
Are they not all so *Volterre* ?

Thou hast beene a travailer, and convertst  
with the *Antipodes*, almost put a girdle  
about the world, taken dimensions  
Of every nature, tasted all aires, and canst  
Distinguish em to an atome, tell me Signiour  
And be not partiall to the Sex, didst ever  
Vpon thy honour meete with such a creature,  
We here call vertuous woman, are not all  
The stocke of em inconstant ?

*Vol.* Nay let's ha

*The Humorous Courtier.*

No more invectives Signiour *Orsello*

Traduce not all for some, it must be granted.

*Con.* They are an excellent creation, though  
Some few decline from vertue, I've a wife,  
I'm but new married neither, yet I dare  
Boast my opinion.

*Ors.* Doe not, the Moone  
Is yet but it's first quarter *Contarini*,  
I would endeere my thoughts to thee, and thou  
Wert not married, boast thy opinion.  
Goe sacrifice to sleepe, why these are women  
Will cosen a strong faith, cuckold their husbands,  
Yet taken in the act perswade em into  
A beleefe they doe but dreame so.

*Con.* Signiour  
Y'are pleasant.

*Vol.* Pleasant

*Con.* As his gall will suffer him,  
He has beene casting ont up this halfe houre,  
Yet there is some behind still, if you name  
A woman, he takes fire like touchwood, but  
To the Duke *Foscari*.

*Ors.* I have it,

*Vol.* What?

*Ors.* Ye talke

*Duke Foscari.*

*Con.* We doe.

*Ors.* I ha the cause he went away so soone.

*Vol.* Prethee enrich our knowledge, why?

*Ors.* I honour him.

*Con.* So we doe all.

*Ors.* He is a brave Duke, a man,

And in that, more then all his titles make him,  
Some easie natures would ha languished for her,  
And ha beene paler then ye meane, with watching  
Distilled their braine, tyred, yea some to seeme  
Comit Idolatry, given her their soules,  
And changed em to her motion; in each window  
Beskratching with some Diamond her name,

And



*The Humorous Courtier.*

And warme it so with kisses till it thaw  
The very glasse, which weepes it selfe away  
In pittie of the dotage, beene content  
To ha worne their youth away in expectation;  
This Prince was wiser, he left *Parma* to  
Behold a creature was cride up, the miracle  
Of nature, a new starre like *Cassiopeia*  
That drew the eyes of *Italy*, and left em  
Fixt in the admiration, but he needing  
No *Iacobs* staffe to take the height, and looking  
With a true eye upon this wonder, found  
She was a woman, nothing but a woman,  
His wisdome quickly taught him to returne  
Asham'd of his credulity.

*Vol.* He's mad,  
What a wild passion like a torrent, beares him  
Against the women, 'tis well your hate  
Points at the generall, one womans anger  
Would checke your forward ——— else  
*Contarini.*

*Con.* I dare not heare him talke more, we shall be  
Held cherishers of his railing humour, in, in,  
Prethee lets leave him.

*Vol.* Why Signiour; are you so transported  
You have not power enough to seeme calme,  
What dost at Court?

*Ors.* Not cringe as you, and adore the nods  
Of painted Ladies, weary my hammes to answer  
Madams halfe cursies, I neere come to Court  
But to defend me from it.

*Bo.* Ha?

*Ors.* The truth is,  
I would be faine discharged, 'tis a hell to me;  
There are so many wormed in; would the Dutchesse  
Would banish me into some Wildernesse,  
I should indure the beasts though they devour'd me,  
I hate no monsters but the Harpies.

*Con.* Why?

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Orf.* Harpies have womens faces *Contarini*,  
Yet now I thinke *Volterre* I have heard  
There's another feminine murderer  
Cald the *Hiena*, that invites men forth  
To be devourd; y'ave heard how the *Egyptian*  
*Crocodile* weepes, when death it selfe lies bathing  
Within her teares, thinke but upon women  
And tell me which I should avoide first.

*Enter Comachio, Giotto.*

*Com.* I see a merit nigh, and I hope  
You will deserve the favour, we are not  
Wont to admit of servants neere their person,  
Without more caution.

*Gio.* It makes my bond  
Of duty and observance greater.

*Con.* My Lord *Comachio*.

*Com.* Let me employ some of your care upon  
My Nephew, something you may adde  
To improve him, you shall till no barren ground,  
Though he reward you not with fruitfulnessse,  
I shall have power to make you thinke your studies  
Well plac'd.

*Gio.* Your compasse I shall saile by.

*Exit*

*Com.* *Contarini* hows the day?

*Vol.* Not early.

*Com.* Signior *Orseollo*, I know what cloud  
Muffles your thoughts.

*Con.* He is constant to his humour.

*Com.* Not the Dutchesse, come faith yet *Orseollo*,  
We shall intreate you joyne with us to the Dutchesse.

*Orf.* Yes, hey! ———

*Exit.*

*Vol.* So, so, he would but trouble us.

*Com.* My Lords, we must be circumspect,  
We are not to negotiate a designe  
That lookes but at the profit of one man:  
The Dutchy calls to owne it, all our cares  
You know have met, that we might move the Dutchesse  
To exchange her dull Virginity for Marriage;

*Foscari*

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Foscari* whom our ambition pointed at, is lost  
And he in some disgust gone hence.

*Vol.* I feare so.

*Com.* His violent departure gives us more  
Then jealousie, we must sollicite her,  
But so as shall become our duties, and  
Expresse our knowledge of her great soule  
And pregnant wit.

*Con.* She enters signior *Comachia*, tis refer'd  
To your delivery.

*Enter Dutchesse, Laura, Attendants.*

*Dutch.* *Comachio*! we have no knowledge of thy age,  
But what thy wisdom and experience doth  
Discover, i't not troublesome, t'attend  
A young Court?

*Com.* Your grace so desires my duty, that I  
Delight in service.

*Dutch.* *Contarini* i'th mornings eye, reveales  
More youth, then he did by *Hymens* tapers;  
Lookes younger then when we call him Bridegroome.  
Censure him *Laura*.

*She sits.*

*Lau.* Your Highnesse knowes he hath a young wife!

*Con.* All my use of time, is but to perfect  
My obedience to your excellence.

*Dutch.* We cherish both your loves, and you *Volterre*  
Are great too within our memory.

*Vol.* I shall endeavour new merits.

*Dutch.* The cause of your attendance now, is knowne  
Ere you deliver it. The departure  
Of the young Duke (our Lover) from our Court  
In so obscure a way, without your notice;  
Our consent publish'd gives you just cause  
Of wonder: yet so much y'are skil'd both in  
Our soule and nature, that no immediate  
Motive of his anger shall be laid to  
Our charge; but what you thinke, makes our person  
Safe, and great.

*Com.* We come with humble modesty t'require



## *The Humorous Courtier.*

So much, as shall concerne our care, both  
Of your gracious selfe, and our good Country.  
*Foscari*, Duke of *Parma* is a great Prince;  
Feature; a Lady, like your excellence,  
His youth and strength may promise issue even  
To a matron.

*Dutch*. We know he merits all his praise. Proceede  
To what you call your businesse.

*Com*. His Catholicke Majesty did lately by  
His Linger, urge a title to this Duchy,  
And desire your Counsell, he might be nam'd  
Your Highnesse next, and lawfull heire, unlesse  
From your owne person, were deriv'd a Prince  
To intercept his hopes, with ease, you may  
Consider, how unkinde our fate will be,  
Beyond his owne naturall soile, doth make  
Obedience bondage.

*Dutch*. You have yet hope, tis in my power  
To prevent what you suspect.

*Com*. We have, but Time (the enemy to lie,  
And to increase) may scorne, destroy that hope.  
If not for propitious love to us;  
Yet for your owne sake, your glory, hasten  
The cure of these our feares: Time is the moth  
Of nature, devourers all beauty, when those  
Bright eyes, that governe now with *Phœbus*-like  
Predominance, shall yeeld no light unto  
That darkened sky (your face) some aged mother  
Proud of her fertill wombe, will shew you then  
Her off-spring. Behold (quoth she) I heede no  
Marble house for my fame to dwell in, these  
Are my living monuments; but your sullaine  
Chastetie, will not permit your fame t'outlive  
Your breath.

*Dutch*. No more *Comachio*! these are my owne thoughts:  
Shortly you shall see I am art, prevention  
Of all danger.

*All*. You are my gracious Mistresse.

*Com*.

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Com.* Yēa you shall much divulge your clemency,  
If to stifle publike noyse you reveale  
The reason; why *Foscari* was not made  
Your choysē.

*Dutch.* *Foscari* is a forraignēr : borne in  
A climare not so temperate as ours,  
And I am yet to know, whether his minde  
Be different from such as please me here  
At home: forraigne alliance is an old  
Disguise for Sunices hatred: It charmes the  
Peacefull into a dull security;  
Vntill the furious finde best advantagē  
To make his anger knowne: then both are more  
Ingag'd t' inflame, what erst th' one did kindle.  
I should sinne my good Lords, if I did thinke  
My humillity disgrac'd my honour,  
When I suppos'd my owne Court able to  
Breede a man, fit to mingle blood, even with  
A Princeesse; should I say with mine: what amaz'd,  
Why does it want example, I should not  
Thinke my choysē would much accuse my eyes, if  
I elect a Lover here: unlesse some  
Are more desert-lesse then I am guilty of, *Laura!*

*Exeunt Dutchesse, Attendance.*

*They first gaze on one another, then walke up and downe.*

*Com.* Ioyne to us *Oedipus*, yet we shall want  
Helpe t' expound this Riddle —

*Con.* A Lover here from her owne Court, sure, is  
Must be from this number, Signiour *Volterre!*

*Vol.* My very good Lord.

*Con.* You are the man, the starres dance to. The spheres  
Doe practise musicke, only to make you  
Merry, you are he signiour.

*Vol.* Who, I my Lord?

*Con.* Doe not conceale your hopes: they'le be worthy  
Your acknowledgement; you would be install'd  
Ith' darke, steale titles, without the notice  
Of the Heralds, but noyse attends honour.



*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Vol.* I neede a Comment to your words.

*Con.* Come, you young men are all temptation;  
You have the purple veines (signiour) that swell  
With wanton pride, and Ladies judgements are  
Much govern'd by their eyes; what grace, what favour,  
Did the Dutchesse lately shew you, the more  
T'indcere your duty? hah?

*Vol.* I want a soule (signiour) if she ever  
Honour'd me with any phrase; but what is  
Vsuall in her Complément t'other Lords.

*Con.* Ist possible —

*Vol.* He has discoverd somewhat that concernes  
My joy. Nature needes no excuse why a  
Dutchesse should affect a travail'd Lord;  
You are great too, within our memory.  
These were her words. hum! —

*Com.* Signiour Contarini!

*Con.* My Lord.

*Com.* You observ'd the Dutchesse language?

*Con.* Am I not thinking on t' heart, why doe ye  
Interrupt me? —

*Com.* How's this my Lord Volterre?

*Vol.* Your pleasure signiour!

*Com.* You have a fortunate skill in translation  
Of misterious language: I pray lend me  
Your censure upon the last words the Dutchesse  
Uttered.

*Vol.* Hah signiour? they concerne not me, I am  
Forgotten by my starres, I, *Volterre*  
Is lost to all Eyesight, but his owne.

*Com.* Doe our braines melt this hot weather. These men  
Were heretofore discrete, and now they talke  
As if they had no Eyelids, like things that  
Never slept. I finde the cause. *Exit.*

*Con.* Quoth she, he lookes younger, then when he stood.  
By *Hymens* tapers, good, very good, I have  
O were I single now, my wife, my wife,  
She ruines all this hope! —

*Vol.*

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Vol.* Since I have travel'd, brought from *France*, the nice  
Amorous cringe, that so enchants Ladies :  
Tis fit I use it often, the tongue is  
Powerfull too, and I enrich in languages,  
It shall be knowne —

*Con.* Signiour *Volterre*.

*Vol.* To bring Revel in the Court, that's the way,  
I have my selfe an able chine, and I  
Can friske like a Goate : which females call  
A lucky symptome — Signiour *Contarini*,

*Con.* Your lop, must excuse me, I'm a little  
Serious.

*Vol.* O for a sight of *Iupiter's* wardrobe  
That I might immerate the shape, in which  
He courted *Diana* !

*Con.* Signiour *Volterre*.

*Vol.* I my Lord that's my name, Ile goe write  
It downe, least this businesse make me forget it.

*Exit.*

*Con.* Rebellious blood ! must I needs marry ? had  
I but delaid my lust a month, I might  
Have wasted then my strength and nature, to  
A nobler purpose : beget Princes, now  
I am in bondage to my marriage vow.

*Exit.*

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*Act. 2. Scena. I.*

*Enter Contarini, Dandalo.*

*Con.* **M**Y Wife must do'r and then I may effect  
My hope with the great Dutchesse as soone as he  
Most proud of demerits. *Dandalo*  
Wheres your Lady.

*Dan.* Your Lordship may heare both her voyce and Lure.  
Shees in the garden with *Reollo* your  
Musitian.

*Con.* Heare, does she so much dispaire of long life,  
That she need flatter her soule to tarry here  
With soft Ayres, and wanton Musicke.

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Danda.* My Lord.

*Con.* Conduct her hither.

*Enter Carintha.*

*Car.* I saw your entrance, you bring newes from Court,  
Let me share in't.

*Con.* I must worke her to it with art and leifure.

*Car.* What does your lop say?

*Con.* Sweete lend me thy eare in private — can I  
Demand a thing from her that slambred in  
My bosome, and she be so unkind  
To give my sute a hard repulse.

*Car.* My Lord I am not guilty of a cause  
That can warrant your suspect either of  
My love or duty.

*Con.* I beleeve thee (deere *Carintha*) but this  
Injunction is so severe and strange, 'twill  
Puzzle thy consent at first.

*Car.* Sir make it knowne, I cannot be so slow.  
In any performance of your will, as you  
Are to reveale it.

*Con.* Thy breath is sweeter then the smoke ascending  
From the Phoenix funerall pile, I could  
Kisse thee, even engender on thy lips.

*Car.* You were not wont to be thus pleas'd, shew me  
Which way I may requite your passion, speake  
The sute you talke on.

*Con.* Now I know the strength of thy affection,  
I slight my sute the grave will prove to easie.

*Car.* What is it.

*Con.* He have thee onely kill thy selfe, cruch, thou  
Shat doe it, hah —

*Car.* Sir I suspect your health, you were not wont  
To shew your speech so much estrang'd from reason.

*Con.* Is this your love, your forward kindnesse?

*Car.* Scarfe has the Moone. expir'd a change since you  
Received me in your bed a cold Virgin;  
Are you so soone tyred with sacred marriage,  
Desirous to motive my eternall

*Absence*



*The Humorous Courtier.*

Absence and by a meanes so cruell sir,  
How have I deserv'd your hatred; or please  
But to reveale the profit which by death  
Can bring you.

*Con.* I have not leasure to reply to your  
Demands, will you do't.

*Car.* You fright my soule.

*Con.* Orsello happy you, whose frozen nature  
Will not permit a closure with a woman,  
The sex doe quite degenerate from those  
Great patternes which the former age produced:  
*Portia* swallowed fire to please her husbands ghost,  
Who inticed him to *Elsium*, *Lucrese*,  
To purchase life unto her memory,  
Noyse at her funerall such as might cleave  
Her fame, priced her deare heart, and dyed.

*Car.* We have a certaine faith, a faith  
That can assure reward, or punishment  
For deeds, we know our dwelling after death,  
Which *Roman* soules unlawfully did seeke,  
And found too soone, we are prescrib'd those act  
That makes us Angels.

*Con.* She has bin gossiping with the holy  
Sisters, zeale, and purity.

*Car.* It were safer for my soule, if your selfe  
Would be my Executioner.

*Con.* I thanke you Lop, I am exposed  
To the justice of the law, he whose rich  
And his Prince become his heire cannot live long;  
Besides my hopes to enjoy the Duchesse,  
Are then quite frustrate.

*Car.* What said your Lop.

*Con.* I did not thinke *Carintha* thou hadst beene  
So sterne of nature, t' hast a stubborne heart;  
Deny my first request.

*Car.* Should I kill my selfe.

*Con.* Why must we not all dyē, 'tis a thrifty  
Conscience that perswades the soule to hasten

*The Humorous Courtier.*

Her departure hence to avoid future guilt.

*Car.* You counsell strangely, I have deserv'd more Kindenesse from your tongue.

*Con.* If thou suspect'st it thou hast not fortitude Enough, to attempt thy death by violence :  
Expire with leasure : refraine from meate, till  
Th' orifice of thy stomacke close, and grow  
Together ; or when thou feedst, eate Arnicke,  
Dye any way, so the law call not me  
Thy murderer.

*Car.* Heaven secure me, have you the use of all  
Your senses, ye speake thus ?

*Con.* But if youle choose an easier way, each morning  
Fetch a tedious sigh or two, twill make your  
Heart to cleave, Ile give you cause enough to doe't.

*Car.* You have a bloody mind.

*Con.* Or as some Country Virgins doe scratch morter  
From an aged wall and eate it up in  
Private, so die on the Greene disease, but now,  
I thinke upon't thats to perplex away,  
Vnto the Grave.

*Car.* I dare not hate the thought y' have tempted me,  
Beyond mortall patience, oh unkind  
Destiny.

*Con.* Doe, fret, gall thy heart strings till they breake,  
Ive the engine of a babe, any man  
That had arrived at halfe my yeares, would soone  
Invent a safe way to shift that trifle  
From him. Hum, who shall I get to doe't.  
Happy fancy, 'tis mature I will  
Above it strait.

*Enter Depazzi, Laura, and Crispino.*

*De.* I sent you a Letter Maddam.

*Lau.* My Lord I received it.

*De.* How did you taste it ?

*Lau.* Excellently.

*De.* I have twenty as good as that lying by me, have I not

*Cris.* Oh my good Lord.

*De.*



*The Humorous Courtier.*

*De.* They shall be all at your service.

*Lau.* Yare too much a Courtier, I must chide you  
*Signiour*, I never did deserve the Epithets  
Your paper throws upon me.

*De* Epithets I beseech you Madam to impute  
That to the frētfullnesse of my braine,  
If any thing have slipt my pen whereby I may incurre  
Your Ladiships indignation Ile recant  
It publickely.

*Lau.* I enioyne no such pennance,  
But tis an injury easily remitted,  
Tis the glory they say of Lovers to Hiperbolise.

*De.* Hiperbolize, whats that? I ha not that word  
Yet in my Alphabet, I hope Madam you  
Hold a better opinion of me then to imaginē  
I would hiperbolize with your Lady-ship;  
That were immodest.

*Lau.* Not so Signiour.

*De.* By my faith Madam but it is, dē thinke  
I know not what hiperbolizing is,  
That were simplicity, if any thing  
Within my Lētter may be drawne within  
Construction of hiperbolizing, condemne  
Not me for't, by service Madam, I  
Had no intention to stretch so farre  
To your dishonour, it shall teach me wit  
To write my Lēters hereafter.

*Cris.* A haire in your honours locke is disordēred,  
Tis rectified,

*Lau.* Signiour,  
You doe me much too much satisfaction,  
Your error being a small one.

*De.* Tis your favour,  
Yet when I commit a peccadillo  
Against your brightnesse, I deserve to be  
Extinguished your presence for't, I did lovē  
You Madam, as I remember when I was an Infant,

*Lau.* How.

*Dep.*

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Dep.* We are Intants you will grant  
When we cannot speake, and I loved full eight moneths  
And a halfe ere I had power to tell you on't  
I me certaine.

*Lau.* I was not worth so much.

*De.* Nay for that Madam  
Ile shew my selfe deserving, were you worthy  
Twere the lesse act of mine to love you,  
That were a poore thing, I doe not stand on worth.  
Madam I would not have you thinke so ignobly of me,  
That I affect you for your worth, I'de rather  
Vpon my honour have you in your smocke,  
Than all the Ladies in the world starke naked.

*Lau.* Now your language is coarse.

*De.* You shall pardon me for that.

*Cris.* Your Lordships fether waves to much toward the  
Tis now in true point. (East,

*De.* My love is pure and like the Sun transparent.

*Lau.* Now you Complement, I know  
Yare excellent at it.

*De.* Troth not I Lady,  
I cannot Complement, I doe but  
Refulgent your beauty, whose mellifluous voice  
Peirces the care — faith Madam credit me  
I nere could complement in my life: Most faire,  
Whom young *Apollo* courted for her haire,  
There are poetickall furies in the City,  
But I converse not with em,  
Were ever cheekes of roses, locks of amber  
Ordain'd to be imprison'd in a chamber,

*Laura* I doe but piddle, a pretender,  
I know not how to Complement.

*Lau.* You now doe.

*De.* Alas not I, I cannot make verses neither;  
Thy dainty seale of Virgin wax,  
That nothing but impression lackses.

*Cris.* Your Lordships cloake discovers not sufficiently the  
riches of the inside.

*Lau.*

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Lan.* An excellent Poet.

*De.* Ile tell you Madam a strange thing, you see  
These trifles; before I was in love, I could  
Not ha made an Acrosticke in a day,  
Sometimes two.

*Lan.* Now you can make Chronograms.

*De.* I thinke I can, and Anagrams for a need.

*Lan.* Signiour you are wonderfull improv'd,  
Love has inspir'd you richly. I perceive  
*Cupid* is a mute too.

*De.* Oh now I cannot sleepe for the multitude,  
Of Verses that are capring in my skull.

*Lan.* I wonder you are not mad.

*De.* You may.

*Cris.* A haire in your honours locke is disordered.

*De.* But I've a gift to helpe it, I allow  
My selfe set times to vent em, they would blow  
Me up else.

*Lan.* As how pray.

*De.* Why thus. icht' morning  
When I have said my prayers in Verse, which fall  
From me, and I nere thinke on em, next my heart  
I scrible out an ode, after my breakefast  
I fall upon a Satire, when I've rail'd  
My selfe into a fresh stomacke, I dine,  
Which done, because it is not good to study  
Vpon repletion or full stomacke, you  
Vnderstand me; for a matter of two houres  
I dreame as it comports with our *Italian*  
To sleepe, then I say, I dreame familiarly  
An Heroicke Poem.

*Lan.* Dreame.

*De.* Madam while you live,  
Your dreaming Poets are the best, and have  
Distilled raptures, spirits that converse with em,  
And teach em what to write; this I set downe  
Before I eate againe, after I walke  
Vpon the strength of Supper into th' parke,



*The Humorous Courtier.*

And ruminat an Elegy at returne,  
I doe discourse of Epigrams, and an Epitaph  
vpon some one or other of my kindred.

*Enter Comachio, and Giotto.*

I ha made a rare one on my Vncle, and  
He would dye shortly to deserve it.

*Com.* Whats that?

*Lau.* If you so methodise your study Signiour  
I shall but sinne against your muse, tis now  
Your houre by course, for your heroicke Poem:  
Twere best you sleepe my Lord, Ile take my leave.

*De.* Nay Madam, tis not every day I study  
So hard, on some I whet my muse

*Cris.* Your Lordships weapon hangs to much a fore.

*Com.* Thou hast my bosome, treasure up my secrets  
Faithfully, and deserve I should be thine;

*Giotto*, the first opportunity  
Commends thee to the Dutchesse, then's the time;  
To shew thy gratitude, if she still looke on me  
With lucky eyes.

*Gio.* My Lord y<sup>e</sup>ave made  
Your selfe the creditour of what I am;  
If I returne you not the interest  
Of all my service, I should justly forfeit  
To be unmade againe.

*De.* Sweete *Laura*, world confounding beauty.

*Lau.* Againe Hyperbolizing, then your Lordship  
Must pardon me.

*Exit.*

*De.* What's the signification of this word? hum.

*Cris.* I have heard some say, to hyperbolize  
Is to lye, and it may be she would not have  
Your Lordship lye with her.

*Com.* *Signiour de patri*, what part of your discourse  
Concerned my death, I heard with Madam *Laura*  
You name your Vncles dying.

*De.* Twas with griefe then,  
I had no cause to name you else my Lord.

*Com.* Apply your selfe Nephew to this Gentleman,

And



*The Humorous Courtier.*

And make him precious to you. Exit.

*Gio.* I shall study his honour's service.

*De. Giotto.*

*Gio.* My Lord.

*De.* You are a Scholler.

*Gio.* I have lost time in *Padua*.

*De.* He tell you a jest, a Gentleman in Court

Writing a Letter to his Mistresse could not

Containe himselfe from hyperbolizing with her.

*Gio.* Is your Lordship serious?

*De.* True upon my honour, what a gull 't was

To make himselfe ridiculous, I laugh'd at him,

Then he asked me what that word meant, *Giotto*

What doe you thinke on't?

*Gio.* I my Lord,

Your honour needes no comment to informe you,

Much lesse my translation.

*De.* Yes I knowt, but what sayes your Dictionarie.

*Gio.* Your Lordship shal pardon me, for that hyperbolizing

*De.* It is some bawdy word, he is so modest,

Wherein did I hyperbolize with her Ladyship:

My Lord *Volterre*.

*Enter Volterre.*

*Vol.* Signiour de *Pazzi* Comesta.

*De.* I am transported to see your Lordship well.

*Vol.* Io soy il uuestro serवादore.

*De.* Whats this?

*Gio.* Betweene *Goth* and *Vaundell*, Spanish.

*De.* And *Giotto* were not here now, I would aske him

What were hyperbolizing by your Lordships favour.

*Vol.* Women are taken with the presence of

A man, the garbe, and ornaments of state

Endeere him to their senses, I would faine

Appeare in glorious habit. can you dance?

*De.* I were no Lord else, I was a French mans Scholler,

For twenty crownes a moneth, you may guesse by that

My abilities.

*Vol.* Tis the best fooling, and the safest for

*The Humorous Courtier.*

The body, your *French* glide away like Rivers,  
Without a noise, and turning with Meanders,  
Out move ye, your lofty trickes, are rude,  
And doe to much examine.

*De.* May we not rise,  
I ha knowne good dancers rise at Court, what say you to  
A crosse caper.

*Vol.* Ride the Cannon, and you ha  
No care to preserve your bonds, but I forgēt,  
*Adios* signiour, I must attend the Dutchesse.

*De.* Doe not hyperbolize with her my Lord.

*Vol.* Pardonate Signior mio.

*De.* Tis so, tis baudy, that shrug tells me so, *Giotto.*

*Gio.* Your honours servant.

*De.* Were you never a Courtier before.

*Gio.* I onely hitherto have spent my eyesight:  
In observation, now I grow proud to write  
My selfe dependant.

*De.* Signiour *Comachio* my Vncle, lends you.

*Gio.* But I me not to learne  
To adore the rising Sun, I looke on him.  
As in his West, but I've ambition  
To merit your grace.

*De.* I see then thou wot be a Courtier.

*Enter Dutchesse, Comachio, Contarini, Volterre, Laura.*

*Dutch.* *Comachio*, shew me your Nephew I  
Y<sup>e</sup> are welcome to Court my Lord.

*De Pazzi* kneeles, kisses her hand.

*De.* It is your highnesse pleasure I should presume so,  
And I am confident I may.

*Dutch.* He has not onely profited in growth  
Of person, but in's judgement too: talks well,  
Our Court wants such *Comachio*, your Nephewes  
Contemplation ends here. *Padua* must  
Loose him, he shall be our servant.

*Com.* Shee jeeres him, and I gaine no credit by't.  
Keepe your tongue quiet, cease your abortive  
Language, or Ile cut your throat.

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*De.* This is the tricke of all Courtiers,  
They would engrosse Princes e'n to  
Themselves, I must not speake to her.

*Com.* This is the Gentleman, your grace was pleas'd  
T'accept from my commend.

*Leads Giotto to her, who kisses her hand.*

*Dutch.* You are a *Florentine*.

*Gio.* I am proud to owne my Country.

*Dutch.* We have heard so much of your demerits,  
That 'twere injustice not to cherish you,  
Be confident, to gaine our best favour.

*Gio.* I've often pray'd for this blessed houre, and thought  
I did not sinne in my ambition.

It is a vertue to covet honour  
From your excellence : which I shall ever  
Study to deserve.

*Dutch.* *Laura* begin your trial.

*Laura whispers with Giotto*

*Orseollo runnes in and kneeles.*

*Dutch.* This is a rude kinde of duty, speake your  
Intention.

*Ors.* Twice have I kneel'd to gaine your kindnesse in  
My sute, now grant it, or ile turne Traitor.

*Dutch.* Make your sute knowne.

*Ors.* I have beene bred in rugged warres,  
A womans government is soft and fit  
For Babes to bow to, dismisse streight your Court.

*Dutch.* *Orseollo*, did not your offence breed mirth,  
You should perceiv't more difficult to finde  
A pardon fort.

*Ors.* Send me streight to Sea, if but t'incounter  
A fleet of fiends rigg'd by witches, or with  
A colony to settle a Plantation  
In the desarts of *Barbary*, Ile choose  
Any employment rather then to heare a  
Lady utter perfum'd breath, or see her  
Advance in her masculine garbe, in her  
New mimicke posture.



*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Dutch.* Leave us : but so that in an houres space  
We may command your presence here, to move  
Our laughter, when leisure will permit it,  
Or you shall never live to weare gray haire.

*Ors.* He conspire with a constable, that commits  
Iustice in's sleepe, ere he want treachery  
To revenge this constraint of service.

*Exit.*

*Com.* Your grace will beget charity in  
Other Ladies, if you pardon this his  
Bold behaviour, for he offends all women.

*Dutch.* How *Comachio*?

*Com.* Does not your excellencie know, he is cald  
The woman hater.

*Dutch.* Deserves he that Epithite ?

*Vol.* He shew your highnesse the reall cause, why  
He hates all women; he was ever bred  
In the campe, where there are no females, but  
Sutlers wives : fit drudges, to make fiers  
Ith' devils kitchin, whose very looks  
Disparage the complexion of all their sex ;  
He nere convers't with an *Italian*  
*Bona Koba*, a plumpe Lady, that fils  
Her growne, or with a *French Bruvette*;  
A *Spanish Muser umbrada*, or a  
*Germane Yefrom*, the *Dutch*. —

*De.* Or with a *Welsh* —

*Com.* Parrot ! will ye be prating ?

*De.* What should a man doe withs tongue, an ye  
Won't let him talke.

*Dutch.* My Lord *Volterre*, is a copious linguist.

*Vol.* I still desire to be enabled for  
Your graces service.

*Dutch.* Are all the fluces stop'd, that we may see  
Your *Cormorants* dive for their prey ?

*Vol.* We onely want your highnesse presence there,  
And the sport beginnes.

*Dutch.* *Comachio* —

*She whispers.*

*Com.* Signiour ? these are your *Cormorants*, you still

Provide



*The Humorous Courtier.*

Provide the Dutchesse new game, and pleasure:  
She did you publicke grace, this morning too  
Before the *French leiger*; but you ha travaild Sir.

*Vol.* My Lord, the *French* conceive things with justice  
I me but an *isorit du moude*, and as  
The *Spaniard* saies, *Altera, es trabajo*  
*Del hombre*, but Ive observ'd her grace names  
*Contarini* often, lookes on you with  
A smooth brow.

*Con.* On me my Lord?

*Dutch.* Lead forward to the River.

*Com.* My hopes doe still encrease, fate smiles on me.

*Dutch.* Signiour *De Patri*, be you neere us.

*Exit. Volt. Dep. Contar. Com. Dutch.*

*Lau.* Y'ave heard her graces will, this is the first  
Imployment. She knowes you *Florentines*  
Insinuate with great subtlety in  
Humane natures.

*Gio.* She shall receive each man in's just character.

*Lau.* Sir I congratulate your new fortune,  
Youle finde her excellence a noble mistresse.

*Gio.* You are a gentle Lady, and adde much  
Credit to her Court.

*Laura.* We shall lose the sport unlesse we hasten  
To the River.

*Gio.* You have use of my attendance, and I am  
Happy in't.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

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*Actus 3. Scen. 1.*

*Enter Giotto, Dutchesse, Laura, Carintha.*

*Dutch.* **Y**OU now shall stay at Court *Carintha*, see  
Her very lips looke blacke. *Saturnes* issue  
Were not so dull and sullen.

*Lau.* Madam sh'as great motives unto sadnesse.  
Which I've beene earnest with her to reveale,

*But*

*The Humorous Courtier.*

But she conceales em as the vsurer doth  
His treasure : striving to beguile noyse,  
And lessen the number of his bagges with  
His report.

*Gio.* Lady, too soone you will deprive the world  
Of your deere presence, if thus early you  
Consume your houres in pensive thoughts.

*Dutch.* *Carintha*, have I not power to increase  
Your griefe, if you conceale the cause of it  
From me ?

*Car.* I am not sad, my facultiēs preserve  
Their wonted harmony : your excellence  
Will not inforce me to belie my passion. ;

*Enter Volterre.*

*Lau.* There's my Lord *Volterre*, ist your graces  
Pleasure to retire till we have ended  
Our discovery.

*Dutch.* Is he come ? *Carintha*, follow me !

*Exeunt Dutchesse, Carintha.*

*Vol.* She gave the game high applause, and begg'd two  
Of my Cormorants : I must invent new  
Sports to delight her fancy.

*Lau.* The day afford your Lop, much profit.

*Gio.* If your Lop be in good health, ye owe  
Some thanks unto my prayers.

*Vol.* *Laura*, the Dutchesse great favourite  
*Giotto*, is eminent in Court too.

If these afford me such respect I've cause  
To thinke my starres faithfull ? Madam I would  
Kisse your left hand —

*Lau.* I beseech your lip, enforce me not  
To be unmannerly you are now above  
My conversation.

*Vol.* How bright *Laura*. Signior *Giotto*.  
Pray cleere this mistery.

*Gio.* My Lord, be more particular, for my  
Owne part I know my distance, but you greet  
Your Fortunes with too much humility,

*The Humorous Courtier.*

You want state to converse with me.

*Vol.* I me all wonder and amazement Signiour,  
Pray give your meaning more perspicuous  
Vtterance.

*Gio.* Will you forget to be reserved, know your  
Station, you make me bold against my owne  
Desire.

*Vol.* Howes this?

*Gio.* I implore your Lordship leave I may be  
Cover'd, 'twould much assist my health.

*Vol.* Why, dost keepe thy head bare in reverence  
To me? Madam, shall I intreate? —

*Lau.* Tis in your power to command, in my  
Duty to obey.

*Vol.* Your duty. —

*Gio.* It seemes he hath not yet; how much the  
Dutchesse favours him — *Kolterre* listenes.

*Lau.* I conjecture so for e's differs much  
From that which he must practise when he's Duke.

*Vol.* I heare ye —

*Lau.* How my Lord?

*Vol.* *Laura*, faith be publique! *Giotto*, why  
Dost thou conceale the meanes to make thee  
Happy? —

*Gio.* My Lord I know little, onely those that  
Waite neere the Dutchesse, heare her often praise  
Your nimble tongue, your skill in languages.

*Vol.* *Phse questo mionte*, what would you say,  
There me interpret the inorticulate  
Voyces of birds, and beasts, that skill deserv'd  
A fame.

*Gio.* Your Lordship might then (with grēat ease) beēne  
Interpreter to the builders of *Babel*.

*Lau.* Something I've heard her grace speak too, in praise  
Of your *French* gesture, your sublime friske, and  
Odde conveyance of your body.

*Gio.* Tis when your Lordship wreathes your hams in thus.

*Vol.* *Ta da rum, ta da rum, te re re, ra da rum.* He dances.



*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Gio.* These are the postures that inchant your sex.

Lady ———

*Lau.* I cannot blame the Dutchesse to be fond.

*Gio.* But does not your lope grow weary with  
Continuance of this motion?

*Vol.* It is my vulgar exercise *ta da rum, ta da rum.*

*Gio.* Enough, enough, my good Lord, sure you swim  
Within your doublet.

*Vol.* *Giotto*, now I am fit for a race,  
Never tyr'd. It has beene thought by some (skill  
In th' ability of my person), that  
I'm mortall.

*Gio.* Indeed sir tis not fit you should expect  
Much in heaven, having such joy on earth.  
You are more than happy, this Lady knowes it.

*Vol.* Do'st it faith *Laura* ———

*Lau.* Sir, I hope when you shall sit invested  
With Royall ornaments, you'll not disdain  
*Laura* for your humble servant.

*Gio.* And *Giotto* knowes that your Religion  
Will not permit you slight industry.

*Vol.* I tooke part o' my breeding ith' *French Court*,  
And there I learnt to be familiar  
With my Nobles.

*Lau.* Did not I say he would governe gently,  
Now can't my tongue be quiet, I must tell him all.

*Gio.* Nay Madam ———

*Vol.* *Giotto*, dost concerne you to hinder  
This her kindnesse? speake deare Lady.

*Lau.* My Lord I affect truth and brevity,  
I am commanded by her grace, to make  
Your visits private to her.

*Vol.* Hah, forward deere *Laura*.

*Gio.* Why sir, it is her highnesse will that you  
Conceale these visits.

*Lau.* And let no encouragement neither from  
Her eyes nor speech imboldne ye to thinke  
Unlawfull, her favours you must take

With



*The Humorous Courtier.*

With silent observation.

*Enter Comachio.*

*Gio.* Here comes my Lord *Comachio*. Away signiour  
He must not see you.

*Vol.* *To soy mug juoderose.*

*Exe. Volterre, Laura*

*Gio.* My noble Patron.—

*Com.* I greete thee as my best genius, th'art now  
Mixt ith' number with such as weare my title,  
Thou climb'st apace, yet safely too; they strive  
At Court, who first shall be the flatterer:  
What female wast that left thee now? I saw  
Part of her gowne.

*Gio.* The Lady *Laura*.

*Com.* Thou art most happy, skilfull in thy choyse  
Of conuërsation: why she governes  
Her highnesse heart. Didst question her  
About my businesse?

*Gio.* I know all, she cannot hide a single  
Thought from me.

*Com.* That strangely powerfull o're Ladies,  
But what saidsthee? have I no Rivall in  
The Dutches love.

*Gio.* Sir, she ownes none but you, with a publike  
Confidence, onely there is owne impediment.

*Com.* What ist? prethee give't relation?

*Gio.* A spirit not tam'd by his religion  
Would hazard much rather then suffer it  
Indanger such a hope.

*Com.* Make it no more a secrēt.

*Gio.* Could ye thinke she has observ'd your Nephew  
With an amorous eye.

*Com.* *De pazzi*, my Nephew?

*Gio.* Thats the man sir, who is so much oblig'd  
Vnto her memory.

*Com.* Sdeath this inclines so neere miracle  
T'would taxe my judgement to beleeeve it;  
Conferre her love upon a foole.

*Gio.* Pardon me sir! I doe not positively

*The Humorous Courtier.*

Say she loves him, I make it (for your sake)  
A cautelous suspect, your jealous men  
Strive against danger.

*Com.* I doe affect thy discipline.

*Gio.* This morning she desir'd to speake with him.

*Com.* To speake with him — good our braines are nere us,  
Ere thou admitst him to her presence, weele  
Furnish him with discourse, preposterous  
Vnto sence, and her demands; so make him  
More cheape in her conception, here he comes.

*Enter De Pazzi.*

Assist my prayers.

*De.* Signiour Vncle,

*Com.* Nephew oppertunely  
Signiour *Giotto* hath taken paines  
To bring us knowledge of new graces, which  
Our Dutches stores up for you, I am proud  
To thinke what honour all our blood receives  
From you, the toppe bough of our fam ly :  
I never hop'd there could be starres in heaven  
So auspicious, as I behold now shining,  
And pointing all their golden beames on you,  
The Dutchesse loves you ——— *De pazzi, hum.*

*Gio.* Not carelessly, and with that common favour,  
She does divide among the Courtiers,  
They doe but gleane her scattered graces,  
For you the harvest's reserv'd and brought  
Home to your bosome. *De pazzi hums.*

*Com.* Other with much labour.  
Clime this high rocke, upon whose swelling top,  
The Dutches smiles are placed, yet obtaine not  
Due to reward their sweate. *De pazzi hums.*

*Gio.* But her owne hand  
Reaches you up, and tempts you to enjoying  
The perimids height, you may ascend by stayres;  
And mount with ease unto that happinesse,  
Others adore a farre off.

*De.* Does the Dutchesse

*The Humorous Courtier.*

Affect me honourably, and for marriage otherwise?

*Com.* That makes the Musicke high, it were not else  
So ravishing, you are the man mark'd out  
To be the Duke *Depazzi*.

*Gio.* Thats her desire,  
She would not like a theife steale joyes, but make  
The pleasures lawfull, nuptiall holy rites,  
Vshering your felicity, you must be  
Her Husband Signiour, and all we your subjects,  
Obsequious to your nod, when you have breath  
To raise t' unlimited height, and uncreatē  
Whom you would frowne upon.

*De.* I see shee is wife,

*Com.* How will *Comachio* thinke his agē blest, to see  
Princes borne to his Nephew, and with breath  
Covetous to expire in prayers for them.

*Gio.* Kneele there great Vncle,  
I have an ambition  
If you thinke not the honour over great,  
To beg tuition of your second sonne,  
Whom I should study to bring up, with such  
Choyce education, as shall become  
The greatnesse of his soule and birth.

*De.* Tis granted, my second sonne is thine, but are you surē  
I am ordain'd to be the man you talke of;

Must I be cran'd up to that altitude. *Gio.* My Lord  
You may be confident, *Giotto* dares not  
Play with your greatnesse, and my dare was never  
Yet so incertaine, when I heare your name  
So sweetened by your Dutchesse breath.

*De.* No more, I have a strong faith, tis so, for my Vncle  
Doth practise already his observance, I  
Purpose to visit our loving Dutchesse.

*Gio.* Nay you will be sent for and be courted to  
That was intimated. *Com.* But my honoured Nephew  
Would you admit instructions, for I see  
With how much envy of the Court you rise  
To this high sphere of soveraignety, be prudent,



*The Humorous Courtier.*

Arme your selfe with some excellent discourses (thoughts.  
For your first parly, you shall knit her soule to your owne

*Gio.* If my abilities may doe you service.

*Com.* *Giotto*, you are furnished to read Lectures  
To us both of Courtship, and I know my Nephew  
Will gratefully remember, what you adde  
To raise him to our wishes.

*Gio.* I desire to be a banquēroust of knowledge, when  
My portion may enrich you.

*De.* Should you lose  
Your braine signiour in my service, you  
Should finde I would requite you.

*Com.* At his first entrance to her graces presence  
Something new and sublime, t'insinuate  
How much she hath consulted with her best  
Wisedome, when she elected one so meriting,  
To be her husband.

*Gio.* So with one argumēt  
He magnifies her judgement, and his worth.

*De.* I like that well, if you doe pen that speech  
Commend me pray unreasonable, I shall study it.

*Gio.* That must be, to this we may guesse she will  
Reply, my Lord, I could misse in such a troope  
Of Deservers to choose out the ablest.  
Meaning my Nephew.

*De.* I know that, who else?

*Gio.* Hence take you fresh occasions to extoll  
Your selfe, and be not nice to let her know  
Your active blood, and spirit to get Princes,  
How much the people will be bound to blesse  
Her race in choosing you, whose promising body  
Is able to incite them to make bonfires  
For Dukes unborne.

*De.* Great reason, proceed.

*Gio.* It will be necessary you disparage all mēn  
That are about her, though your Vncle, he  
Will suffer to advance you.

*Com.* Who my Nephew?

*De.*



*The Humorous Courtier.*

*De.* Let me alone to disgrace him.

*Gio.* It gives you lustre principally remember  
To raile against her Ladies, call em hags,  
You cannot be too bitter, this secures  
Your love toth' Dutchesse, beats of jealousy  
When you appeare to love her onely of  
All the sex.

*De.* It will be a good occasion to beate off  
*Laura*, to whom I did pretend my selfe  
A Lover excellent, pray let me have all these  
Directions in manuscripts, Ile not see her  
Till they be rotten in my head.

*Com.* *Giotto*, binds both to you, this will do't,  
Art cannot shape him more ridiculous,  
These are rare principles. Here's *Contarini*.

*Enter Contarini, Dandalo.*

*Gio.* Remove your selves: tis not fit he see ye.

*Exeunt Comachio, Depazzi.*

Signiour *Contarini*, your minute is expir'd.

*Con.* I crave your pardon signiour, have you learnt  
From *Laura* ought that concerns my knowledge.

*Gio.* I have cause to intreate my intelligence.

I am your pensioner, you have enriched

My stable with a *Barbary* Roane.

A gift I am ignorant to requite ;

I must returne great thanks too, from the

Lady *Laura*, for the wealthy Carbanet

You sent her last night.

*Con.* I me yet indebted to you both : Signiour:

You are skilled in my affaire: the noyse still

Continue, our great Dutchesse will elect

A husband from her owne Court, Ile onely

Know the man ; that so I may direct my

Observance the right way, you will call this

An honest pollicy.

*Gio.* Your contemplations are too humble.

*Con.* You Signiour ?

*Gio.* Ere I would thinke another worthier then

My

My selfe, to beare a soveraigne title ;  
I would disclaime my judgement and runne madde.  
But there's a crosse barre to your ambition,  
(Heaven excuse my sorrow for it?) you are  
Married, you have a wife.

*Con.* Sir, I beseech you give your meaning more expression

*Gio.* Has the Dutchesse any name within her memory,  
So much as *Contarinies* ?

Are not you he whose feature she admires ?

Nay Sir, it is not long since *Laura* heard

Her wish you were unmarried : Interpret

My relation as you please ;

But you know Princes are reserved. Whats he ?

My servant Signiour, he has modest cares

And a quiet tongue. *Dandalo*, you may

Stay here, I shall use thy consent in a businesse.

*Dan.* I waite your pleasure.

*Con.* But did her grace wish I were unmarried ?

*Gio.* By no iteration that breeds noyse.

*Con.* Well, I allow of her graces wish.

*Gio.* How my Lord ?

*Con.* If my marriage discontent her highnesse :

I wish I had no wife —

*Gio.* He has a noble soule ! is there no way  
To avoid this trifle called a wife.

*Con.* Yes Signiour, there are waies, but —

*Gio.* O Sir, discharge your minde, it concernes my  
Præferment to be faithfull.

*Con.* Troth, were all impediments cleared, I thinke  
We two should rule equally ;

I me strangely fond to those I love.

*Gio.* Signiour you have given me cause to know it.

*Con.* If I could sue out a divorce —

*Gio.* I signiour, but the judge grants none without a  
lawfull cause.

*Con.* Shee shall commit adultery.

*Gio.* With whom ?

*Con.* *Giotto*, that I am come to tell thee.

*The Humorous Courtier.*

Shees a beautious Lady, soft and buxsome?

Thou shalt lye with her.

*Gio.* I, my Lord?

T'were an indeerement too great for my requitall.

*Con.* Tis decreed, come, it must be so.

*Gio.* Signiour, I shall beg your pardon.

*Con.* I keepe my mercy for another use,  
Suspect no danger, you shall come disguis'd  
When you wooe her too't, which done, the Dutchesse  
Shall helpe my procurement of a divorce:

Why, I knew before, her highnesse lov'd me!

I have received favours from her lookes and and speech.

*Gio.* Does not your man listen?

*Con.* No matter, hees our confederate.

*Dandalo* know this Gentlemans hands

And kisse em often.

*Dan.* Ime his humble creature.

*Gio.* I shall be glad to shew you kindenesse.

[*Con.* Lets perfect our designe, good signiour  
I have no leasure now to ruminare,  
I affect action.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Laura, Carintha, Sancho.*

*San.* Madam, I ha signified to my Lord  
What you commanded, but I hope your Ladiship  
Hath heard his disposition.

*Lau.* He's not reconciled to our sex,  
He has proclaim'd that.

*San.* This place breedes no Ladies,  
No not for civill entertainment, we  
Have not a woman in the house, their pictures  
Which adorne other gallaries, you see  
Tempt not the eye here, all his offices  
Discharged by men, he saies where he commands  
He must not see a woman.

*Car.* What not strangers?

*San.* Such is his will.

*Lau.* How then?

*San.* If you desire his presence and discourse,



*The Humorous Courtier.*

You must be vail'd here Madam, his owne eye  
Must not be witnesse to what face he speaks,  
I me but his servant.

*Lau.* Tell him Ile expect him in that forme he  
Prescribes.

*San.* The other Lady too  
Must be clouded, then Ile let his Lordship  
Know y'are prepared.

*Lau.* Pray doe Madam, I hope  
Your discontent will give you leave to smile  
At this, her grace found you but this employment,  
With me, to beate your melancholly off,  
Apply to the occasion.

*Car.* My gratitude will teach me to conforme.

*Enter Orseollo, Sancho.*

*Orf.* Now Ladies whats your pleasures, that you summon  
My appearance, I know ye ha supple joynts,  
What mistery of state sends you to me?  
I cannot revell in long stockings, friske  
To please your wanton eye-sight; I nere boasted  
My ribs, or largenesse of my thighs, t' invite you;  
I make no Sonnets of your anticke dressings,  
Cry up your colour of your face, and sweare  
Y'are divine peeces, for I know you are not:  
I will not draw heavens curse upon me, for  
Flattering into pride; say that the Lillies,  
Are pale, for envy of your white, and the Roses  
Blush, to see better in your cheekes, your haire  
Beames, rather drawne up to a net, might catch  
Love when he plaid the Eagle; that your breasts  
Raise up themselves like two faire Mountainers  
Ith' pleasant vale of temptation, I hate this  
I will not dam my selfe to make you proud,  
Doe not, I know your faces?

*Lau.* Ours, we are not ashamed to shew em.

*Orf.* Doe not unvaile.

*San.* Good Madam.

*Car.* Will you not see what you condemne?

*Orf.*

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Ors.* I me gone, if you attempt to let me see  
A peece of any countenance; while I thus  
Looke on ye, I can helpe my selfe t<sup>i</sup> imagine  
Ye are some other creatures.

*Lau.* Troth my Lord, for pittie to your selfe  
End your invectives;  
Madam I told you of this mirth.

*Car.* Can he be serious?

*Ors.* Wracke me not with your stay,  
Whats the designe hath brought you hither?

*Lau.* This Signiour; tis the Dutchesse pleasure  
You make suddaine repaire to Court,

*Ors.* I?

*Lau.* That's our Embassie.

*Ors.* I am no Court physitian, I but vexē  
Your female constitutions, you know  
All my receipts are bitter, and her excellencē  
Hath plenty of those, she gives a pension to  
Can flatter; why does she send for me am so  
Unwelcome?

*Lau.* My Lord, her grace employes  
Not me to any so unhappy:  
And though you have not liv'd so neere the favour,  
Ith' eye of the Court, which your owne humour too]  
May have beene the cause, I have no honour, if  
You finde your selfe unwelcome,

*Ors.* Tis a mistery.

*Lau.* I could instruct you further with a secret,  
Your soule would dance to know, but I confesse  
Tis more then my commission:

*Ors.* Is there in nature any happinesse for mē?

*Lau.* And from a woman: you will come my Lord?

*Ors.* Stay, from a woman, ha? the Dutchesse —  
Heard a noyse she would chuse a Lover from  
Her owne Court, can it be that? death I have  
Beene boundlesse in my railing. I begin  
To curse my selfe fort.

*San.* Be all silence,

*The Humorous Courtier.*

Thou hast a knowledge will be dangerous  
To any hope, perhaps, I could be pleased  
To see the tip o' your nose Lady,  
Or the mole upon your chinne.

*Lau.* You will have cause to blesse the occasion  
Of this dayes message.

*Ors.* I could see your cheekes,  
Nay halfe your face for tother sillable.  
Lady you can say more,

*Car.* I dare not signiour, already we have exceeded.

*Ors.* I know such creatures cannot mocke, sweete Lady.

*Lau.* Have you not heard her graces resolution,  
Touching a husband?

*Ors.* Your are o're darke still, enrich me,

*Lau.* I hope your honour will remember this poore service  
when tis done.

*Ors.* What? one Letter of your meaning.

*Lau.* My Lord the Dutchesse loves you.

*Ors.* Ha?

*Lau.* Come Madam, I shall say you will waite.

*Ex.*

*Ors.* Shall I not see the faces,  
To which I owe my blessednesse.

*San.* No words of those loose creatures in your custody,  
Seate up the doores, still the aire least that  
Creepe out too soone, and kill my growing fate.

*Exeunt.*

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*Actus 4. Scen. I.*

*Enter Dutchesse, Laura, Carintha.*

*Dut.* **VV**As not *Orscollo's* humour, recreation  
To thee *Carintha*?

*Car.* I spent all my thoughts  
In wonder Madam.

*Dutch.* He began to soften —

*Lau.* We tam'd his Tiger violence, not Magicke

*Enter*



*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Enter Giotto.*

Could force him like the charme you sent.

*Dutch.* Giotto? What speakes your hast?

*Gio.* Comachio Madam, and signiour Depazzi.

*Dutch.* Vsher em in.

*Car.* Something in such a plenty may delight  
Your dulled fancy.

*Enter Depazzi, Comachio.*

*De.* Laura, remoove your selfe,  
Doe not ecclipse the splendor of that Sunne  
My Eagles eye must gaze at. Vncle know  
Your distance.

*Dutch.* Signiour Depazzi.

*De.* Giotto, my hand agen, be proud, now Madam  
I addresse my selfe to you, wonderfull Princeesse,  
Not so much for your beauty as your wisdome,  
Your carnall wisdome.

*Dutch.* Wherein Signiour.

*Com.* Good.

*De.* Right you answer, right it is my qu:  
Your carnall wisdome Madam, you proclaime  
In choosing out a husband, and that man  
Whose memory your subjects shall have cause  
To curse, is I.

*Dutch.* To curse?

*De.* Perfect still, have cause to curse,  
You did no sooner choose him, which of all  
Your faire Lords, though you looke a squint upon  
My merit, could your eye picke out more able?  
Heroicke, compleat, tempting? I am flesh,  
Nothing shall put me out.

*Gio.* Observe.

*De.* Your grace saies right, I doe acknowledge it.

*Gio.* You are too hasty, her grace saies nothing.

*De.* Did your grace say nothing? speake it againe,  
I know you meant to say something to th' purpose.

*Dutch.* What purpose signiour?

*De.* Now she has put me quite out.

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Gio.* Then raile upon your Vncle.

*De.* Looke on him Madam, there he stands, you may  
Perhaps imagine him for his gray beard  
And a starched face, that he is wise a statist :  
He bring ye a justice, thats but newly pack'd  
Into commission, oth' peace, shall make  
An asse on him.

*Com.* Nephew, this will make you odious.

*De.* A very gull in mistery of state,  
A most egregious ——— in comparision  
Of one that I could name, but he may serve  
To fright the pages, muster the blacke guard,  
Or keepe the doore at maskes, his face will doe  
More then a hundred others; yet now I thinke on't,  
Your grace shall magnifie your favour to me,  
And let me begge him.

*Dutch.* Ha, ha.

*Com.* I hope your gracē will pardon him, these fits  
Are ever at full Moone.

*Lau.* Begge your Vncle Signiour ?

*De.* Yes I would furnish him with an  
Houreglasse and a sithe,  
And sell him to the Masons for the picture  
Of time, Madam, would he not shēw well ?

*Dutch.* This is witty, what detractour  
Gave out Signiour *Comachio*, your Nephew  
Had no rich braine, *Carintha*, doe you nold him  
*Laura*, *Comachio*, ha ?

*De.* *Giotto*, she has put me out agē,

*Gio.* Then raile upon her Ladies,

*De.* Hum, when I contemplate on your highnesse face  
I hate all others.

*Com.* Can your excellence.

*Dutch.* Why, is mine so bad ?

*De.* I beseech your grace, speake your part right,  
Oblivion is my qu. I doe remember.

*Com.* Madam *Carintha*, speake to her gracē,

*De.* Has Madam *Laura* such a lip or eye ?

I doe

*The Humorous Courtier.*

I doe confesse she has a nose, but I  
Passe over it.

*Gio.* He makes a bridge of that,

*De.* Her cheekes, ———

*Com.* Nephew --- Madam I humbly pray I may remove  
This rudenesse, tis a discord must needes grate  
Your soft eare,

*De.* Vncle you are out now, her cheekes:

*Lan.* Well Signicour, what of my cheekes.

*De.* Why your cheekes are, as they are, death, I ha forgot;  
This tis when you won't come t'rehearfall.

*Lan.* My cheekes are  
Such as creation fram'd em, and the colour  
Is natures gift.

*De.* It had need be gift, I know none so prodigall  
To be at charge to buy em, yet you thought  
I was in love w'ye, I confesse I did  
Once cherish an opinion you were something  
About a gipsie, and might serve in Lent  
When flesh was rare, but you must take into  
Your thoughts, I meant not honestly, you see  
For whom fate hath reserv'd me, be as patient  
As such a losse will suffer you, doe not marre  
Your face, cause I condemne it, it may serve  
Some hungry signiour, or some City heire  
That would be dabled in nobility,  
And pay for his cornuting.

*Dutch.* He is most witty *Carintha*.

*Com.* Giotto, she is taken with this imprudence,  
What dulnesse hangs upon her soule? some fatall  
Appoplexy seise him, that which we  
Plotted to make him hatefull does inchant her.

*De.* Madam, you see I have a body, ponderous  
And full of marrow, Ile not get an heire  
Lesse hopefull then my selfe, my first sonne shall be  
An Emperour borne, may I doe things to purpose  
When I am in once.

*Com.* Will not this startle her?



*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Lan.* Sure Madam, he will put downe *Hercules*.

*De.* *Hercules*, *Hercules*, what, a Pedlar.

*Gio.* Pedler, my Lord you would say pidler.

*De.* He shall be what I please, doe not I know *Hercules*,  
He got but fifty in a night, but I ———  
Madam your eare.

*Com.* My duty to your grace, makes me forget  
He is my kinsman.

*Dutch.* Signior Depazzi,  
We have leasure to heare you finish your discourse  
With *Laura* and *Carintha*.

*Com.* He's courted to her privacy, her soule is  
In a deepe Lethargie.

*Gio.* Ha?  
What was intended to destroy his hope,  
Hath raisd him to assurance, she applauds  
That which to all understanding but her owne,  
Appeares prodigious, did you suspect  
She would heare this prate?

*Com.* He had committed sinne enough to have had  
His lips sow'd up eternally, death, I could  
Grow into death with wonder.

*Gio.* She check'd you for interrupting.

*Com.* A fury revels in my braine, shee's mad,  
And so am I, but -----

*Gio.* What for prevention,  
If she have such a poverty in her reason,  
It'h' humour she may marry him, and then  
Beside the mighty fortune lost, you grone  
Vnder his tyranny.

*Com.* In his blood Ile bathe  
My feares, a ship lanch'd forth with all her wings,  
Be calmed thus.

*Gio.* Ile digge the remora  
That hangs upon the barke, this foole w'd not  
Be misd among the living, rather then -----

*Com.* Th'art my genious sacred directour  
To my blisse.

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Gio.* I ha so much suffering  
In your ungentle starres, that I would purchase  
Their better influence with my danger.

*Com.* How I feele my heart incorporate with thine;  
What doe I owe to heaven for sending me  
Thy friendship, say, shall this thing be removed,  
*Giotto*, that so ruines me.

*Gio.* Shall: there is  
A most severe necessity, you must not  
Be conscionable now; and charity  
Vnto your selfe, will drowne the sinne:

*Enter Depazzi, Laura.*

Retort disgrace t'your hate.

*De.* I shall extend my favour, where I see  
Merit invite, perhaps commend you to  
Some other Lord; Vncle, you shall continuē  
Your place; *Giotto* finde out a monopoly,  
It shall be sign'd.

*Com.* I congratulate your high fortune,  
I knew t'woud take.

*Exit. De. Com.*

*Enter Orseollo, Sancho.*

*Lau.* Here's a pretty front,  
Signiour *Orseollo*, stay till I am vaild. —

*Orf.* Nay, good Madam, I can indure to see  
Your face, without danger to my eyes — Signiour  
*Giotto*, I joy in your great fortunes.

*Gio.* They shall inable me to doe you service.

*Lau.* My Lord, you cherish my instructions,  
Y'are come earlier then your houre.

*Orf.* I'd faine know my destiny; Madam Imē rough,  
The warres have spoilt my Courtship; I cannot  
Flatter kindnesse from you; but I affect  
Gratitude. What newes Lady, hah? has there  
Beene no mention of my name or person  
Since I receiv'd your last intelligence?

*Lau.* I know nothing but what I am enjoyn'd  
To make a secret.

*Orf.* How deere Lady.

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Lau.* Giotto, shall I tell him that ?

*Gio.* Not for both the Indies.

*Ors.* But she shall *Giotto*, she and wee be kinde, ———  
Madam, — we three will share in all atchievements.

*Lau.* I cannot hide it from him.

*Gio.* Are you weary of your life Lady ?  
My hopes are finished.

*Lau.* The Dutchesse has commanded him to get  
Your picture for her.

*Gio.* Who'd trust a secret in a womans brest ?  
My Lord, as you esteeme our loves usefull  
Let no eare enjoy this but your owne.

*Ors.* I will forget I heard it ; I, I me a souldier  
Signiour, and shall deserve your faith. *Sancho* !

*San.* My Lord !

*Ors.* Theres a famous Painter sojournes here  
In *Mantua*, a *Germane* !

*San.* Shadan wierex.

*Ors.* The same, you are to seeke him out, I have  
Use for him.

*Gio.* Already you begin to make it publike.

*Ors.* Does not suspect my servants silence, I  
Trust him with a secret of weightier  
Consequence then this, my creature ! hunk :

*Lau.* Your hopes increase Signiour.

*Ors.* Give me thy hand, *Giotto*, thine too :  
Weele governe like the *Triumveri* —

*Lau.* But sir, there is one obstacle ———

*Ors.* What ist ?

*Gio.* Ile loose a Thumbē to have it cleer'd,

*Ors.* Heart, let me but know't ?

*Lau.* Y'have heretofore appeared so boysterous  
And sullen to that sex, that the Dutchesse  
Partly thinks ---

*Ors.* What does she thinke ?

*Lau.* Y'ate insufficient.

*Ors.* How ? a metophrase upon that word.

*Gio.* Sir t'would impeach her modesty t'expresse

Her



*The Humorous Courtier.*

Her meaning, ith' blunt dialect, however  
Twill become my tongue; there's a noise amongst  
The Ladies, y'are insufficient: that is  
Your genitalls want the perfect helpe in  
Procreation.

*Ors.* Horror, horror, name the authour of this  
Calumny.

*Gio.* Be not so loud signiour, were it a truth  
T would not proclaime nature, or your parents  
Gailty, you are a soldier, perhaps in  
A skirmish at *Lepanto*, some Turke  
Circumcised you with his semiler;  
Or being at push a pike, you might be  
Drill'd below the navell, nay I ha knowne  
The breath of a bullet snatch a remnant  
Of loose flesh.

*Ors.* Sdeath insufficient! you shall know a secret  
Which I have fear'd, even ith' keeping o' my owne heart.

*Gio.* Twill trouble me to know a thing, so full  
Of danger.

*Ors.* Tis onely dangerous to me, but sir,  
It must out, for Ile stifle now this dam'd  
Asperision. It reveales the cause, why I  
Was still a satire against women.

*Lan.* I, that I would faine know.

*Ors.* Know what Lady? we are in a discourse, meereely  
Concernes us two, walke aside, she must not heare't.  
*Sancho*, I now release off the Oath,  
Which did oblige your secrecie about  
My continence, nay good Madam, troth we  
desire to be particuler.

*Lan.* Hereafter I shall grow reserv'd too.

*Ors.* A personall secret, as Ime a souldier.

*Gio.* You shall beleeve him Lady for my sake.

*Ors.* How many whores hast thou in keeping for my use?

*San.* Some ten my Lord!

*Gio.* You passe my beleefe.

*Ors.* Las, Ime insufficient! a meere Eunuch, I,

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Gio.* But what urged your invectives gainst the Sex,  
Since you thus cherish them in private!

*Ors.* The Dutchesse has a chaste court : 'twas safty  
To disguise m<sup>e</sup> incontinence, least she should  
Punish it.

*Gio.* Y<sup>e</sup> are not so ravinous (my Lord) but when  
Your friend desires a taste, he may be furnished, hah?

*Ors.* You shall visit my *seraglio*, and chose your whore.

*Gio.* May I presume —

*Ors.* That's the medicinall pimper; who prescribes  
Plaisters for my belly.

*Gio.* You maintaine him in a gaudy outside.

*Ors.* His sinnes maintaine him; those of his function  
Grow mighty now adayes.

*Gio.* Lady you shall share in our secret.

*Ors.* Are you mad Signiour?

*Gio.* My Lord you are to modest: theres no errour  
So readily excused by Ladies as this.  
O'th blood. Fame has abused our noble friend:  
Not *Hercules* was more inabled for  
Increase; then he.

*Lau.* Indeed Signiour?

*Gio.* Indeed? why Madam, doe you doubt that I  
Fe'e him, I me sure he keepes tenne whores.

*Ors.* Slight, you are treacherous.

*Gio.* She cries indeed, as if she did suspect  
You can proffer like a Goate, and performe  
Like an Elephant.

*Lau.* This was you that railed against women.  
Fye my Lord.

*Ors.* Troth Madam, my constitution is to blame;  
But a young sinner deserves mercy.

*Gio.* Your lustinesse redresse you more hopefull  
To the state. Give me a Prince from whose loynes  
We may expect issue.

*Ors.* Howsoever I would not have the Dutchesse know  
Of this; till I am more indeere unto  
Her heart.

*Gio.*

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Gio.* Does not her happinesse, and mine depend  
Vpon your fate?

*My Lord,* be confident of my silence.

Her grace is now in the privy garden.

Walke you thither, and receive those favours,

Her looks administer : without reply

Of gratitude, she would not have it knowne

She loves you.

*Ors.* Enough I shall be pollitickē.

*Exeunt Orseollo, Sancho.*

*Lau.* Was there ever such a wanton Hypocrite?

*Gio.* He Neighs like a horse. I am not cosend  
In him, I still thought he was a lecher.

*Enter Contarini.*

*Con.* Signiour Giotto.

*Gio.* My good Lord? —

*Lau.* Tis my chiefe blessing to see your Lordship  
In good health —

*Con.* I thanke you noble Lady.

*Lau.* Ile goe pray to have it still continued.

*Exit.*

*Con.* What meanes this great observance, tis beyond  
My merit. Dost not admire her graces  
Favorite should use me thus?

*Gio.* These female Courtiers ha the tricke on't.

*Con.* What signiour?

*Gio.* Tis safe Idolatry to bow unto  
The rising sonne, shee sees your fortunē smile,  
And therefore flatters ye.

Heaven knowes, I neare

Shall gaine by Courtship, I

Though all the Heraulds

Called thee Duke, Ile not kisse your hand

Vnlesse 'twere cleane.

*Con.* Thou hast heard some newes.

Declare, come, declare,

And prosper.

*Gio.* My Lord, I first should chide your tardinesse

In action. First now I saw your wife at Court,



*The Humorous Courtier.*

Attending on the Dutches : Onely she  
Defeates your hope ; yet her removall from  
Your bed is not design'd.

*Con.* I have sent her to my house, provided you  
A rare disguise which you shall weare, and wooe  
Her body to the darke deed, my man shall  
Witnesse her adultery ; and Ile sue out  
A divorce ; whilst you remaine safe from law,  
Because not knowne to her.

*Gio.* Why this I like, it tastes of sublime wit.

*Enter Orseollo.*

*Ors.* I will be active in my reigne, in large  
My Dutchy. *Genoa* is proud, it shall  
Grow humble I have a long arme, 'twill reach  
*Florence*. Or if I chance to lay my hand on *Parma*  
I shall gripe it till my fist ake, ere I  
For sake my tenure.

*Con.* *Orseollo.*

*Ors.* Your greeting's too familiar !

*Con.* From whence this pride, Ile anger him.  
My Lord, though I am growne above the use  
Of Poetry, there still remaines in my  
Remembrance a Sonnet, made in praise of  
Women ; Which if youle please to heare —

*Ors.* He had a bold Muse, that durst undertake  
So high an argument, sure a woman  
Was the object, stricke old *Homer* blinde ;  
And for his eyes left him a Muse. I've lost  
My businesse.

*Exit.*

*Con.* He was not wont to speake so well of women.

*Gio.* No humorist is constant to dislike,  
Or commendation.  
Nay lead the way my Lord :

I'me part of your attendance.

*Excunt. Omnes.*

*Enter Volterre, Depazzi, Crispino.*

*Vol.* Signiour my affaires hither require haste,  
The Dutchesse (on some sudden cause) hath sent for me.

*De.* I beleeve tis to take's advise about

A Masinē for my wedding, hee's excellent  
At Revels. On my good Lord.-----

*Vol.* You come lately from her, and I would know,  
How you approve her present lookes. Tis the Art  
Of forraigne Courtiers to visite Princes,  
In lucky minutes; when their gesture shewēs  
Em pleasant. How lookes her grace to day: Is?  
She not physicall, but high and jocond?

*De.* You may without danger of your fortunē  
Chooſe this minute for conference with her grace.  
Signiour th'as cause to cleare her lookes; Her thoughts  
Grow easie to her; she had found out the man;  
The man, that must: more might be said: but then  
More must be spoke —

*Vol.* Slight; why this to me; how comes he to know  
That I am he, her highnesse aimes at? True  
The man is knowne: nor is his worth concealed.

*De.* Worth Signiour! ---- None but *Laura* gave him  
Notice, I me the man, I neare spoke of it  
My selfe. My Lord, the man may with safety  
Boast, he is the best deseruer in the Court. hum.

*Vol.* Your Lordship does him too much right, tis certaine,  
He has beene told that I am he.

*De.* He hath a glorious featnre too.

*Vol.* Nay good signiour, comely; but not glorious.

*De.* How not glorious, speake that agen.

*Vol.* This is a pretty kinde of flattery,  
He will not suffer me to abuse my selfe;  
He admit he charmes the Ladies? or so ----

*De.* That's I; for I charme the Ladies. He knowes  
I shall be Duke, it cannot be conceal'd.

*Vol.* The man has travaill too.

*De.* Never I. But it seemes the Dutchesse gives  
It out so: the more to honour her choyse.  
Signiour; I must doe you justice: the Court  
Speakes you most accurate, ith' Spanish garbe.

*Vol.* The *Spaniards* (signiour) reserves all passion,  
To expresse his feeling in accurrences.

Of state, when in discourse; his Tooth-picke still  
Reaches out a Tooth-picke.

Is his parinthesis: which he doth manage  
Subtly thus — *Par les santos sennor* —  
*Lo conosco portuerto* ---- *porque es*  
*Trabaso* (con licencia di uuestra alteza)  
*Hablas muchas palabreas* —  
*No puedo en veridat* —

De. But why those things Signiour?

Vol. This elevation oth' shoulders is a  
Polliticke gesture, declares a meaning hid;  
Which you may finde out if you can: and is  
Often used in triviall circumstances.

I question this your Man —

Cris. Your Lordship must speak my mothers tongue then.

Vol. Is *Don Diego* within?

De. Stay slave, weele be as politicke as he —  
Which *don Diego* doe you meane? he that plaide  
The sloven in the great Church. The *English*  
Have a Proverbe on him.

Vol. Why not he of *Valder*, or any other *Diego*?

De. Be not intraged (my Lord) those grave shrugs appeare  
Unmannerly, and would before Ladies,  
Ingender a suspect of vermine.

Vol. Then Ile prefer (sir) the *French* to your  
Dislike or praise: whom though a surly *Don*,  
Calls an impertinent people; giddy  
Trifles? yet in my esteeme they merit  
Highly. They are active even in discourse  
Let us beginne cheerely, No matter  
On what slight or triviall subject; Be it  
On that single melancholly haire upon  
Your chinne. Rise and fall by my example.

De. I am prepared.

Vol. *Monsieur, si l'adirent que ete cheveil la sera brusle; que*  
*faisons nous*

*Avec vostre menton: pousse que le Roy.*

De. Mounsieur be not troubled! banish your feare,

For



*The Humorous Courtier.*

For Ile tosse th' Antarticke pole  
With like ease as *Hercules* could a bulrush.  
Make it a secret.

*Vol.* *Ouy da', Ieslay bien que la volente, doit esere est emee  
pour facit : mais quond  
Ievous donneray an cheque naude. prenez lamanie, que celus,  
que tombe*

*Gagneray un pas ; pour ren, que ce veleve —*

*De.* Troth, I know not, may be it was a mistake in *Plato*,  
for those pinnes and feathers which you talke of, are usefull  
unto Ladies. Besides tis well knowne, the man ith' *Moone*  
will not permit excuse in businesse of this kinde : Tis dange-  
rous to law, and reason.

*Vol.* *Ie ne le croy pas, cefee un chanson dumonde.*

*De.* So I was told by one that knowes the Kings heart ? he  
came hither to cheapen Ginger bread, for the *Mogols* daugh-  
ter.

*Vol.* *Esti' possible ? Il in a aucun chose ci difficile, mais je le  
prendray tant tose.*

*De.* Do'st ifaith, know then all the Lyons in *Barbary* shall  
not contrary me in this way.

*Vol.* How doe you like it Signiour ?

*De.* T'as put me into a heate, and *French* heates arē not  
Very wholesome. But I've heard how nimble  
You dispose your person in a *French* Curvet !

*Vol.* I know your minde ; but my body is now prepared  
For a high visit. My joynts moves by screws,  
Ime so starched together ; a dance would  
Loosen me, and make me fall in rumples.  
Your man is well build for such a motion,  
Marke tis onely thus --- and thus ----

*Cris.* I ha seene your Lordship doe it *ta darum, ta darum.*

*Vol.* Good, very good, signiour *Depazzi* you owe  
Heaven much thanks, for lending you this servant ;  
I ha not seene a Gentleman in all *France*  
Move with so much regard, and vigour.

*Cris.* Your Lordship is my patterne.

*Vol.* M'affaires call me to Court, *serviteur tres humble. Ex.*

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*De.* Ist possible? This Lord must rise when I am Duke:  
He prefer none but such as can speake *French* and dance;  
*Crispino*, prepare my Bath, He distill and grow amorous.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Contarini Giotto, Dandalo, Carintha.*

*Car.* My Lord twill become me to receive  
Whom you give up so noble, I should sinne  
Against obedience; you are most welcome signiour.

*Con.* My best *Carintha*.

*Gio.* Madam you encouragē me  
To serve your goodnesse, my Lord you undoe me,  
With too much honour.

*Con.* Signiour, if your eye take delight in prospect  
There's a roome will feede it richly,  
Shew him *Carintha*, some

Affaires call me to Court. Cherish him

*Car.* With my best carē, please you walke.

*Con.* So *Dandalo*, be faithfull to your trust, no intēruption;  
*Giotto* prosper in thy sinne, thy deed  
Will make me happy, though my honour bleed.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

---

*Act. 5. Scena. I.*

*Enter Contarini, Carintha.*

*Con.* **Y**' Are v̄ery jocund on the suddaine.

*Car.* Thanke your love for't, that provided:  
Such a cure for melancholly;  
To my selfe I seeme not to goe but dance,  
When shall we have a maske  
My Lord?

*Con.* You'd be revelling againe.

*Car.* I am all for sport, your honour is much bound:  
To the Gentleman your friend, trust me my Lord.  
He is a rare physitian.

*Con.* He's well skild in womens pulces.

*Car.*

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Car.* There's no feare my Lord,  
But heele recover me, I doe like him infinitely  
For my body, the best in *Padua*.

*Con.* Good, good, he gave you gentle phisicke,  
But you hope twill worke.

*Car.* No *Esculapius*  
Could ha behaved him more judicially  
Did our Court Ladyes know his skill  
They would be all his Patients, and be sicke a purpose.

*Con.* You hold him then sufficient.

*Car.* He has a way  
So easie to doe good upon's.

*Con.* Vpon ye ith' name of lust, you see  
I had a care.

*Car.* Twas more compassion, and I am bound  
To acknowledge it, I was all heavinesse;  
A thousand plummets hung upon my heart,  
Tis by your meanes I am made light.

*Con.* I thinke so, very light, ha, is she not quicke already,  
She moves so nimble, *Giottto* has don't,  
I have it here, I feele it spread, harke you:  
Y'are a whore.

*Car.* Does your Lordship love bastard next your heart,  
Though some hold wine unhollesome, it may thaw  
Your congealed blood; oh the difference of constitutions.

*Con.* Hey, she jeeres me, how now?

*Enter Dandalo.*

*Dan.* My Lord, her grace hath sent a strict command  
You waite to night at Court.

*Con.* Ha?

*Dan.* The messenger seemed full of hast, he onely  
Tooke time to say her highnesse had resolv'd,  
This Night, to cleere all doubts, and from her Court  
Make happy one, with title of a Duke.

*Con.* Be dumbe, thou bringst destruction to night,  
Pray you may be mistaken, I am undone else.

*Dan.* It is my unhappinesse then my Lord, to bring un-  
welcome truth.



*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Con.* To night, why tis impossible  
To sue out a divorce, I'me lost, my plots  
Rebound and strike me dead.

*Car.* My Lord, you seeme  
Troubled, does your head ake, Ile into th' garden  
And gather a few simples.

*Con.* Madam a word w'te.  
You magnified but now a courtesie  
I did you, you were ever gratefull, I  
Know't, you shall not doe the benefite  
If you will yet kill your selfe.

*Car.* That's a small matter.

*Con.* I know tis, considering th'art stained,  
Lost in thine honour, held but a disease  
That growes upon thy sex, a tumour; prethee  
Lance thy selfe tis soone done.

*Car.* That's a poore favour,  
Well, Ile thinke on't to morrow.

*Con.* 'T must be done to night, and carely to, for else twill  
Doe me no pleasure deare *Carintha*, make thy memory  
Religious.

*Car.* I am thinking where the signe is,  
Hah, tis in *Capricornus*, Ile goe let  
My selfe blood ith' knees, and dye praying,  
That your Lordship may recover your wits againe.

*Con.* A fury lend me curses, make me all  
An execration, I ha plotted fairely,  
And made my selfe a fine rediculus thing.  
To no purpose, I am deepe in shame, I must on  
*Giotto*, have a nimble braine; you must sinke too  
Or boy me up againe.

*Exe.*

*Enter Depazzi, Crispino, curling his haire.*

*Exit.*

*De.* Make no words *Crispino*, for the Dutchesse  
Would not have it published that she meanes to chuse me.

*Cris.* Did she promise you?

*De.* Not by word of mouth, but I know her meaning,  
As well as I were in her, I must be Duke man.  
Tis certaine, every body knowes it, but say nothing  
Least it breake out, halt done.

*Cris.*

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Cris.* A little with this locke, and Ile adone your Lordship  
With a powder; I hope your honour will  
Not forget *Crispino's* faithfull service when you are Duke.

*De.* Why I am Duke already,  
But for the ceremony, my raign's begun, *Depazzi* the first.  
But that Ile not shew my selfe unto my people,  
Because the Dutchesse did intreate me, let me  
See what place th'art fit for : oh I have it,  
Thou shalt be judge.

*Cris.* A judge my Lord

*De.* A Iudge my Lord, at least, thou canst discharge it,  
Tis nothing to sit upon life and death, tis not  
Required you should speake much, thy trade has halfe  
Prepared thee, thou canst pole the commons, I me sure,

*Cris.* And cut off capitall offenders.

*De.* Very good be it so, be a judge.

*Cris.* Where my good Lord?

*De.* Why thou shalt be a Iudge in *potentia*.

*Cris.* I humbly thanke your grace.

*Enter Comachio, Giotto.*

*Com.* Oh my true friend, I have no happinesse  
But thou dost make me clime too't, it will be thy owne  
Instracter, and oblige me everlastingly.

*Gio.* Ile soone remoove your feares, I cannot doubt  
You will make good your promise Sir, to pardon  
When y'are Duke.

*Com.* Pardon, reward and honour thee as my preserver,  
Be not observed, I am your creature. *Exit. Comachio.*

*Gio.* My Lord, I have assaid which you require privacy.  
Send off *Crispino*,

*De.* I ha made him a Iudge.

*Gio.* Tis very trimly done of you, I cry you mercy my very  
Good Lord, I humbly desire your honourable absence.

*Cris.* It shall be granted.

*Exit.*

*De.* Now Signiour what bring you.

*Gio.* Why some tokens for your Lordship, looke you.

*De.* Th'are no tokens of love as I take it.

*Gio.* Yes but they are, and you must take em so,

*The Humorous Courtier.*

But make your choise, which best affecteth you,  
For one you must accept.

*De.* O what doe you meane Signiour.

*Gio.* Not too loud, lest I chuse for you, heres a ball,  
Better then any ere *Crispino* washt  
Your honours face with 'twill scoure you.

*De.* Hold, are you in earnest.

*Gio.* A bullet will quickly sing my errand to you,  
Will you choose.

*De.* I beseech declare your meaning Signiour.

*Gio.* In short, I me sent to kill you, if you like  
Any death better then another, briefly  
Resolve and have it, nay without long studdy.

*De.* Every man should consider his end Signiour, alas ?

*Gio.* The Dutchesse loves you, and there must be order  
Taken to slay your rayfing, say your prayers.

*De.* I ha not the heart to say my prayers,  
Ah, if I must needes, I would dye  
Another death, you ha not brought me.

*Gio.* What ist ?

*De.* I would choose my gallows, ah, stay tis very  
Short warning, and I am not halfe prepared :  
What is this, Ratsbane, alas thats to kill  
Vermine, I would be loath to be sent out of  
The world like a Rat.

*Gio.* What say you to a halter ?

*De.* Indeed Signiour I never loved swinging  
In my life, and the halter is a dogges death,  
I would dye like a man.

*Gio.* What say you to a sword ?

*De.* Alas I have a sword of my owne, and I had a mind to't  
But my stomacke will never digest it.

*Gio.* Then this pistoll.

*De.* But that I have a weake constitution,  
I have alwayes beene given to loosenesse,  
And I doubt your pellet will put me into such a scowring.

*Gio.* Why, would you live then ?

*De.* Alas every thing would live Signiour, but I should be  
Sorry to enjoy a life, that stood not with your liking signior.

But



*The Humorous Courtier.*

But if I livē to be a Duke. —

*Gio.* Duke thats the sluice open'd this torrent.

*De.* I am abused deare Signiour, Ile renounce it,  
Ile be first a dog-killē.

*Gio.* This is but aire, your not to be trusted,  
I ha sworne to send you into another world,  
You must not more be seene.

*De.* I wo' not; doe but trust me,  
And as I am honourable Ile goe  
Into the wildernesse, and live with Beares;  
Any whether, hide me in a Well, and there be no  
Water in't, Ile feed on gravell;  
By this hand, this seaven yeares, none shall know  
But I am dead.

*Gio.* If they should find you living.

*De.* Never, Ile indure pinching to death  
Ere Ile confesse it.

*Gio.* Were I certaine  
You would be buryed to all mens sight, but till  
To morrow.

*De.* See me put into the ground your selfe,  
So you'le not smother me, and it be seven nights  
Ile feede on moles sweete Signiour.

*Gio.* The Dutchesse doth purpose this night her election,  
Your Vncle envying your hope, must ha  
Security for non appearance; had I  
A faith you'd creepe into obscurity,  
But for twelve houres I should have one  
Sinne lesse to answer for.

*De.* Noble Signiour, Ile wrigle my selfe into a  
Wormehole, or creepe into a Molchill, and live  
Vpon Emmits egges.

*Exit.*

*Gio.* Be sure you do't then, poore sicke nobility,  
How thinne he looks already.

*Enter Volterre at one doore, Orseollo at tother;*

*Vol.* Signiour Giotto.

*Gio.* Now the tide comes.

*Vol.* This is the night Signiour, t'inclines apace.

*Doe*

*The Humorous Courtier.*

Doe I remaine unshaken in her opinion

Have I any square still.

*Gio.* O my good Lord.

*Ors.* Signiour a word,

Doe this night then conclude ———

*Gio.* Your happinesse.

*Ors.* Be not tempted from me, I have writ  
Pamphlets in praise of women, I have a volume  
Of Recantations.

*Gio.* They are fruitlesse,  
You are fixt already in her thoughts, away  
You make your person cheape, meete, and  
Be happy.

*Exit Orseolo.*

*Enter Contarini.*

*Con.* *Giotto.*

*Vol.* Deere Signiour.

*Con.* What make they flattering here, ha they all hope  
To enjoy her; all, onely *Contarini*  
Could gnaw his heartstrings now to be excluded,  
When he expected his fate ripe, and all his  
Hopes fit for gathering.

*Gio.* Be high and answer your great hopes;  
Meete confidence.

*Vol.* Sha't be my fellow *Cesar* in the Empire.

*Gio.* Noble *Contarini.*

*Con.* Y'ave store of clients signiour, I am come  
To know my fortune too.

*Gio.* Alas my Lord.

*Con.* You'd say tis plaine writ in my forehead, yes  
In capitall letters; you are knowne to th' secretary,  
That taught my wife this Text hand, but you must  
Doe something, sure the marriage is decreed  
To night to rid me of *Carintha*, or  
Ile ha thee punish'd for adultery.

*Gio.* Are you mad?

*Con.* As hornes can make a man, it is no time  
For patience, heare me carefully and have  
Your best braines.

*Gio.* Adultery? was it not by your consent,

The

*The Humorous Courtier.*

The very sinfull act yours, I but mov'd  
By your direction, will this published  
Exempt you from the Law?

*Con.* Ile laugh at thee  
With my mans helpe, and oath against thee, Ile  
Returne thy calumny ith' face, I am  
A Lord, and shall out weigh thee, couldst thou give  
Thy truth a body, that even men might see  
As well as heare it.

*Gio.* This is strange and violent ha,

*Con.* Doe, harrow thy skull, I am resolved.

*Gio.* This is but course reward for my last office,  
No remedy but killing before supper;  
Did my starres owe me this? you will pardon me  
When y'are Duke, thats but reason.

*Con.* And reward thee.

*Gio.* I am in, and must wade through, she goes to bed  
Supperlesse.

*Con.* Oh happinesse, may I trust too't?

*Gio.* Ile put her granam to the charge of wormes  
To entertaine her, meete, and be Duke, Ile make  
Your wife immortall.

*Con.* Wo't thou be speedy, for Ile tell thee *Giotto*;  
I cannot hope this night to have all perfect.  
The noyse of this her sudden death, must needes  
Marre this nights revelling, and pretract the choyse  
That is expected; then a little time  
Presents me capable of the mighty favour:  
I have encouragement to hope for marriage  
With our great Dutchesse, ha.

*Gio.* Excellent braines,  
Your wife is already carrying commendations  
To your friends ith' tother world.

*Con.* Oh let me hugge thee.

*Gio.* I have your pardon.

*Con.* And my heart too, on, be swift in thy great worke  
Beleeve it done.



*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Enter Dutchesse, Carintha, Laura.*

*Dutch.* This pleasantnesse becomes you well *Carintha*,  
And you shew duty in it, this night we dedicate  
To our owne delights.

*Car.* Madam, I ha more wonder  
To tell your grace, when you are pleased to heare me.

*Dutch.* You'll finde our disposition meete it, but  
*Laura*, dost thou not smile to thinke upon  
The event, we shall be censur'd humorous.

*Lau.* But your grace shall publish your reasons,  
You will appeare just.

*Dutch.* That ambition  
Should have such feare in humane natures, but  
Court hath beene long sicke ; they are my humours  
And I must phisicke em.

*Enter Depazzi.*

*De.* Treason, treason, wheres the Dutchesse, O Madam  
Never was heard of such a horrid treason.

*Dutch.* Our guard.

*De.* Nay I discovered and prevented it  
Already.

*Dutch.* You amaze us, whats the treason, who is  
The conspirator ?

*De.* My Vncle, but I thinke most o' the Lords  
Had their hand in't.

*Dutch.* Be brieve.

*De.* There was a plot of treason to ha kild.

*Dutch.* Whom ? defend us heaven.

*De.* Nay I ha defended my selfe, they woud a kild  
Me, that shall be Duke, because they saw  
You were inclin'd to marry me.

*Dutch.* Is this the treason ?

*De.* And who should be the villaine thinke you, but  
*Giotto.*

*All.*

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*All. Giotto.*

*De.* I *Giotto*, but like an honest rascal  
Vpon my promise, to goe hide my selfe  
For twelve houres, he sav'd my life, did y'ever  
Heare of such a cunning traitour, but it is  
Your destiny to ha me, you have cause  
To pray heartily.

*Dutch.* And so I have, here was a peēce of trēason;  
But be reserv'd you are here safe; Ile take  
My time to know and punish all; what bold  
Entruders this?

*Enter Crispino.*

*Cris.* My Lord, I heard your voyce in fearefull manner  
Crying treason, are you in preservation.

*De.* One of my loving subjects; yes *Crispino*;  
'Tis *Crispino* Madam, one that I ha promised  
To make a judge, he was my Barber, and  
Will fit the Common wealth to a haire.

*Dutch.* He must deserve that place then.

*De.* 'Tis confirm'd.

*Cris.* I humbly thanke your excellencē.

*Dutch.* Signiour *Depazzi*, you shall be neēre our pērson;  
Here's mirth more then's expected; *Laura*, bid  
Some waiter command *Giotto's* presence;  
*Carintha*, weele retire and heare your wonder.  
My Lord, weele sift the treason.

*De.* And let the traitors be bolted Madam I beseech you.

*Enter Officer, and Servants.*

*Off.* Quicke, set things in order. The Gentlemen  
That come to see this great preparation,  
Must please to make roome for't, so, so,  
What are you Sir.

*Cris.* I am the terrour of the Law.

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Offi.* What's that, a hangman?

*Cris.* When I looke leane, and frownē, thou dy'st, I am  
A Iudge, I say, a Iudge in *Potentia*.

*Offi.* Have we a Towne called *Potentia*, in our Dutchy.

*Serv.* He's some forraigner, he comes to use his eyes,  
Let him passe.

*Offi.* Cease your clamors Villaines : sure the devils  
Are singing a catch. Give order the outward  
Doores be locked. Let none approach the presence;  
The Lords must come hither up the backe staires,  
And through the Privy gallery, beare backe:

*Exeunt.*

*Knocking at the other doore.*

More noyse yet, 'twere lesse troublesome living  
In a drumme then at Court, in nights of  
Entertainment.

*Within.* Open the doore.

*Offi.* My Lord *Comachio*'s voyce.

*Enter Comachio, Orseollo, they salute with  
silence at the doore.*

*Com.* The Lords are not yet met.

*Ors.* I hate this overgrowne thing, tis high time  
He should intend's affaires in Heaven, yet still  
He hath some businesse upon earth,

*Cris.* Save you my good Lord, signiour *Orseollo*,  
I hope you have an able faith.

*Ors.* Why do ye hope so?

*Cris.* That ye may be sav'd too.

*Ors.* The groome is witty.

*Knocking at the doore.*

*Offi.* Who makes that noyse?

*Within.* Signiour *Contarini* and *Volterre* would  
Have entrance.

*Enter*



*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Enter Contarini, Volterre, who salute each other with  
silence at the doore, then are saluted by  
Comachio, and Orseolo.*

*Com.* Why was Contarini warn'd, he has a wife,  
His hope have no incouragement.

*Cris.* My Lord Volterre, I congratulate  
Your safety, and your health signiour Contarini?

*Vol.* Is not this Depazzies Barber?

*Com.* I wish he had more manners.

*Cris.* There are certaine Iudges in the darke.

*Vol.* And thats the reason Iustice is blinde.

*Cris.* And those Iudges shall come to light too, when  
They shall thinke convenience proper —

*Vol.* His fingers speake his profession

*Within.* Make way there, fellowes oth' guard,  
The passage.

*Offs.* Bearē backe Gentlemen, what doe you meane,  
Pray beare backe?

*Lords,* Musicke then.

*Enter Depazzi, Giotto, Dutcheffe:*

*Laura.* Attendants.

*Dutcheffe sits under her Canopy.*

*Com.* My Nephew still alive, Giotto, you  
Trifle with me, I am dangerous when  
My wrath is.

*Gio.* You mistooke your Nephew. I proffered him  
Foure or five severall deaths, and could not get him  
To accept of one. Come signiour there's great hope,  
The Dutcheffe but pretends a care o'c him,  
The more to disguise her love of you.

*Com.* This is but a weake comfort.

*Com.* Ist done? softly in my care?

*Gio.* It is not done.

*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Con.* Hell, and damnation !

*Gio.* Your wife is invisible : the Sunne can hardly  
Finde her out.

*Con.* Secure thy selfe, my wayes are hidden.

*Vol.* *Diable prend e'te Droll la ! parles doucement.*

*De.* Doe not trust the Arch-Duke, he cosend me at  
Blow-point.

*Vol.* *Abien, c'e'te un chose ci difficile. Iene scay que faire.*

*De.* Right, why thats the cause I lent the Emperour my  
Combecafe.

*Vol.* *Ma foy loblie ! mais nous le voyerons tontastine  
grandement esbahy.*

*De.* With like ease may I — hand saw, and invite the  
Moone to supper.

*Dutch.* Hah, who is the cause of this fury.

*Vol.* Tis onely a *French* heate, an't like your excellence.

*Dutch.* My Lord the time is now arriv'd wherein  
We are to gaine your thanks, and strive to oblige  
Posterity, your care oth' publike weale,  
Incourag'd your continuall sute to heaven,  
And us, that we would make an earthy choyce  
Of a good husband. Even from this number;  
Weele performe your wishes, envy is the sinne  
Of Cowards : therefore no Lord of high birth,  
And temperate breeding, will maligne his destiny  
Whom we shall thinke most worthy our esteeme :  
Nay, 'twould shew decay of duty  
Ith' greatest of our Court, to thinke that we  
Want skill to make a safe election, such  
A bold thought, in one we call our subject  
Would soone corrupt our nature, and make our  
Iustice cruell ; we doe expect (my Lords)  
No verball satisfaction in this point ;  
But as we single out our choyce, weele make  
A private tryall of each heart, *Contarini* :

*She descends, leads him aside.*

*Com.* I can perceiue no cause of feare from him,

He's

*The Humorous Courtier.*

Hee's married,

*Dutch.* How does your wife Signiour?

*Con.* She has too much health Madam: but had I knowne  
Your excellences purpose, to hasten thus  
Your favour towards your humble subject:  
Shee had ere this arriv'd in heaven: however  
If your care finde your blood so violent  
You are not able to delay the use  
Of this my person; she shall not live long  
To finde your desire.

*Dutch.* O my good Lord you still increase my obligation

*Con.* 'Tis great pittie custome should make Princes  
So reserv'd in wooing, had ye told me  
But two dayes since of this meeting; I had  
Casheer'd my wife; a nimbler way then by  
Contriving a divorce.

*Dutch.* Then you have practised a divorce already?

*Con.* 'Las, no designe seemes difficult, that makes  
Me capable of your highnesse love.

*Dutch.* What an Iron impudence rules in thy  
Nature? thou seemest to boast of crimes the devill  
Would in modesty conceale.

*Con.* How Madam?

*Dutch.* Canst thou expect kindnesse from a Lady,  
That art so cruell to thy owne: a soule  
So much ith' tongue of fame, as is *Carintha*:  
You are one oth' religious faction,  
Whose care meerely did reflect upon the  
Generall good; the safety of your Country,  
Ile not publish thy disgrace: kneele old man?  
And thanke the priviledge of this great day;  
Thou hast thy pardon.

*He kisses her hand.*

*Con.* Horred torture, foyl'd in my hopes, and made  
An argument for popular scorne. I feare  
My owne shadow, my hornes are growne fougly.

*Dutch.* Orseollo:

*Com.* She knowes him a woman hater, his fate

*Can-*



Cannot hinder me.

*Dutch.* How thrives your charity toward our sex,  
What thinke you of a woman now my Lord?

*Ors.* A woman is the pride of nature : her  
Husbands best *Gaurim*, made to credit  
Heaven, to justifie the first creation good :  
She is the destiny of time, her wombe  
Contains the hope of our succession,  
The power to adde new life unto the world.

*Dutch.* Stay signiour, this is a kin to flattery,  
Doe you appeare at this our summons, with  
Hope to gaine by it : you that have professed  
Your selfe a naturall enemy to all our sex?

*Ors.* Madam I recanted that heresie,  
*Giotto* is my witnesse : there are creatures

*Dutch.* Heele tell me all I neede not tempt it from him;  
Bold Mounfier, I've heard of your Goattish trickes  
Of your *Seraglio*, and your Concubines ;  
Dare you be so much a Traitor, to thinke  
I'd marry with a publicke stallious,  
A Towne Bull.

*Ors.* Your Highnesse ———

*Dutch.* No more ? for the honour of this day I doe  
Conceale your faults and pardon em. *Kisses her hand.*

*Ors.* *Giotto*, I shall pricke your veines.

*Dutch.* *Volterre.*

*Com.* What meanes these severall parlies?

*Dutch.* I am to give you thanks ( my Lord ) for your  
Great care oth' publicke weale. You did implore  
My haste to marriage, meerey for your  
Countries good, you your selfe not guilty of,  
Any hope to profit by it.

*Vol.* Your excellence does me too much right.

*Dutch.* And can your nature suffer you to doe  
Me wrong : you under value me, my birth  
And title, for else a little forraigne  
Vanity, shew in corrupted mixture.

*The Humorous Courtier.*

Of unknowne tongues ; would not incourage thee  
T'attempt our person, and so become our equall.

*Vol.* Your highnesse will hold me in excuse.

*Dutch.* Yes y'ave more deserved our mercy then  
The rest — walke aside. *Kisses her hand.*

*Dutch.* *Comachio* !

*Com.* Hey, I begin to prosper !

*Dutch.* You are your Countries father, chiefe of those  
Whose zealour interest ith' common wealth,  
Vrg'd to intreate my first indeavours,  
To helpe posterity with issue ; yet  
Prescribed your selfe no share ith' benefit ;  
Eye my Lord ! how sinnefull has ambition  
Made you ? tis strange, that he, whom we have held  
Our Oracle, should conspire the death of  
One so harmelesse as your Nephew.

*Com.* My gracious Mistresse :

*Dutch.* We know all ; but in hope you'le not maligne  
Our next election, you taste our mercy. *Kisses her hand.*

*Com.* False *Giotto*, thou shalt suffer.

*Dutch.* Signiour de *Pazzi*.

*Paz.* Ham ! now I begin my raigne : *Dutchesse*,  
We know thy minde : thou wouldst protest thy great  
Love unto our royall person. *Contarini*,  
Thy speech and lets to bed, wee have our subjects  
Know our prompt desire to furnish them  
With a lusty hire.

*Dutch.* Your Lordship will please to heare me speake.

*Paz.* First we would know thy lips. I say it is  
Our will to busse thy highnesse.

*Dutch.* The fellowes sawcy, Take him away.

*Com.* How now Nephew ? —

*Paz.* Tis fine ifaith — *Giotto and the Dutchesse imbrace.*

*Dutch.* Beehold (Lords) your Prince *Foscari*, Duke of  
*Parma*, and of *Mantua*, now our Lover,  
Whom lately you supposed dismissed our Court.

*Com.* Indeed we see the Golden Fleece his order,  
And a face like his, but yet his chinne wants

## *The Humorous Courtier.*

Part of his beard.

*Gio.* I left that naked, more to disguise me  
From your knowledge. And that our fame, (which must  
Out live our person) may give reply to those,  
Who shall hereafter question it; know, we  
Undertake this shape, to helpe us in discovery  
Of all your soules and hearts; the better to  
Inable us; how to dispose of each  
Beneath our government.

*Dutch.* And I made secret promise, to bring you  
To a Court, purged, and in cleare health: your Lords  
Have all tane physicke from my prescription.  
Here I present em to you, penitent  
And wise; for now they know themselves; which is  
The best knowledge, and chiefe part of wisdom.  
You are to grant their pardons for my sake.

*Gio.* With great alacrity, and I banish  
All their crimes from my remembrance.

*They kneele, kisse his hand by turnes.*

*Con.* Deprived of my revenge too!

*Cris.* Then I am no ludge now.

*Paz.* 'Tis a new trick of state, continually  
To shift great offices.

*Cris.* Eare I've made my cushion warme?

*Paz.* No remedy, If I'me his favourite,  
Thou shalt be my Pimpe, then th'art sure to rise.

*Gio.* Must we not bereconcil'd to my Lord  
Depazzi too?

*Paz.* I forgive your highnesse, I.

*Gio.* And I you, your love is soone requited.

*Law.* I hope your excellence will pardon my  
Rude intrusion into your acquaintance.  
Her grace conceal'd this part of her designe  
From me. I never knew till now, that you  
Were more then *Giotto*, the *Florentine*.

*Gio.* Madam, you are truly noble: you have  
Merited our best assistance.

*All.* Long *Foscari*, Duke of *Mantua*, and *Parma*.

*Enter*



*The Humorous Courtier.*

*Enter Carintha.*

*Dutch.* This noyse brings in *Carintha*.

*Gio.* Vneasie thoughts perplex her husband.

*Dutch.* Make not rumour acquainted with  
Your griefe : as yet tis contained ith' knowledge  
Of us foure, I forgive his excellēce  
His sinne 'gainst me: Make me your good example,  
And forgive your wife her error.

*Con.* Heaven has punished my ambition, it was  
My owne seeking. Imē content to suffer.

*Gio.* Then take your wife, and with assurance from  
The faith of a true Knight and Prince, she doth  
Retaine that chastity she had, when first  
I saw her. Now each wrinkled brow growes smooth ;  
And I begin my soveraignty : with hope  
To give succession cause, still to prefer  
This Day, as chiefe within their Kallender.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

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*FINIS.*

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